The Bystander. No. 25. Vol. II. WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1904

6d. HOW PHOTOGRAPHS OF RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR SCENES ARE FA

(SEE PAGE 747)

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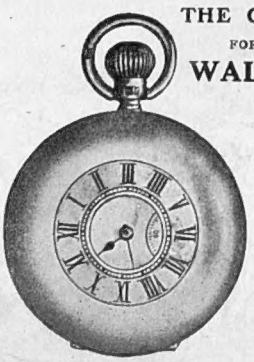

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Photo by Lafayette

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

No. 25.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 25, 1904

In Mr. Hubert Henry Davies's play, *Cynthia* (now running with, I trust, the success its cleverness deserves), there is introduced a character named "Teddy" something-or-other. This youth perambulates about Cynthia's house, running round at her beck and call, and, in fact, to English eyes, places Cynthia in an invidious position. He is obviously not a "hanger-on," because he carries a cheque book about with him, and is prepared at a moment's notice to draw a cheque for something under five thousand pounds.

He takes Cynthia out to lunch in a matter-of-fact way, he purchases a couple of stalls for the Empire and laconically suggests they go there: he intervenes in a family quarrel with the utmost unconcern. He is utilised for the purpose of interviewing a dun, and, when his mistress does not need him, she very calmly orders him to "run away now." The English mind, unacquainted with this by-product of American civilisation was, I noticed, not a little puzzled. When it appeared that Cynthia, the beautiful young woman and this young American of large means were merely friends, that, in short, their friendship was platonic, the insular mind found difficulty in accepting the situation. Indeed, I believe the majority of the audience returned to the privacy of their domestic circles to flout the notion. They will probably think the character far-fetched, and to the end of the chapter remain firmly convinced that "Teddy" was a lover in disguise.

Yet the versatile young playwright has depicted with absolute fidelity a phase of American life. We are apt to imagine that Americans are in their characters almost akin to ourselves. This is an extraordinary fallacy; extraordinary because it seems almost inconceivable in these modern days when everyone wields a pen and contributes to the Press his or her—do not let us omit the feminine—knowledge, when we live amid glaring publicity of everybody and everything, that there can be such crass ignorance of American life. Yes—we have raved about America, we have intertwined the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes *ad nauseam*, we have clasped Jonathan's hand and hailed him as our best friend, we have . . . but enough! For the literal truth is, we know far less of the American domestic character than of any polyglot nationality inhabiting the globe.

The explanation is perfectly simple. Although a great number of Englishmen are perpetually crossing and recrossing to the United States, they do not travel thither for pleasure. It is business calls them. And they do not mix freely in American private life because the Englishman is not attracted by it. Its vagaries are incomprehensible to him. Outwardly it is vulgar and ostentatious, both of which traits, I am happy to say, are not attractive to the British mind, while he cannot understand the men and women who cross his path.

"Teddy" to him is a ridiculous creature—by "Teddy" please understand that I am not alluding to America's robust President, but to the genus of women's sexless men—and his effeminacy seems contemptible. "Teddy" is polite to an extreme to a woman, with a politeness which strikes the British mind as artificial, for to men he is usually such an ill-bred boor that one longs to kick him. Of course, "Teddy" and his class are men who usually have a great deal of money and do no work, beyond dancing attendance on other men's wives. The husbands, so far from being jealous, rather welcome the idea of a tame man amusing their wives. It permits them to devote themselves solidly to business. There is no cause for jealousy, for it is very rarely there is any thought of impropriety.

Passing from the gilded youths who spend their days drinking tea with fair ladies and indulging in tittle-tattle and effeminacy generally, the American man in general does not present any qualities which the Englishman has been taught to admire. As a rule, he knows nothing of those things which we expect in a man of refinement. If he is not discussing business he flounders hopelessly. His newspapers betray the classical depths of his mind. Fancy the sedate *Times* or the *Standard* devoting a column to Mr. Millionaire Jones's first trip on his new motor-car! Yet this is the kind of fare, heralded with heavy black head-lines, that every American newspaper dishes up.

Thus it is we find Americans incomprehensible; conversation with them is out of the question, for their level is on quite another plane than the Englishman's. They are able to rave about a "Prince of Pilsen," where we merely see a parade of pretty and somewhat *décolletées* girls. Americans do not, I think, harbour feelings of profound admiration for our race, which is quite intelligible, for they are as constitutionally unable to understand us as we them. Indeed, in spite of the fact that their language is somewhat similar, it is far easier for an Englishmen to enter into the ideals and aspirations of any of his Continental neighbours than it is for him to comprehend, in the slightest degree, the ideals and aspirations of the vast and powerful nation inhabiting the Northern Continent of America. And yet he does not know it!

The Bystander in Parliament

HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS

We have reached Whitsuntide and so the third period of the session has begun. All sessions, like all Gaul as described by Cæsar, may be divided into three parts—the part before Easter, the part between Easter and Whitsuntide, and the part after Whitsuntide. Before Easter the business consists in bragging about what an enormous amount of useful legislation will be carried through. Then from Easter to Whitsuntide there is a pretence of doing something; and after Whitsuntide the Leader of the House makes feeling allusions to "the late period of the session," and postpones everything to that remote period which Mr. Balfour calls "no distant date."

In this way Parliament does what it is supposed to do, year after year—nothing. Directly the white hats and white waistcoats appear the game is up, and the session is what is called "moribund." The chief difference between the two Houses is that while the House of Commons is sometimes more and sometimes less moribund, according to the period of the session or the age of the Parliament, the House of Lords is always just moribund enough. It is its unvarying moribundity which is the chief charm of that splendid sepulchre.

In saying that the House of Commons does nothing before Easter, absolutely nothing from Easter to Whitsuntide, and less than nothing after Whitsuntide, I wish to avoid being misunderstood. In such a summary of the session I allude to what are humorously called the "legislative labours" of the institution. There is much energy, however, displayed on the Terrace during the closing weeks of the session. That shaded resort is the real scene of Parliamentary activity. There are supplementary estimates in strawberries, which are laid on the tables, thorougly discussed, and are all duly red. It is here that the ladies take a leading part in the proceedings—though the members are entitled by the privilege of Parliament to pass and to pay all bills presented.

Inside the House a few forlorn gentlemen talk about millions of money, and now and then some inconsiderate man indulges in a division. The bell brings up the Terrace brigade, and this gives the guests a chance to gobble up all the strawberries in the absence of the hosts. When the members scramble back again considerable merriment is caused by finding out how many know what they have been voting about. A few honest men admit that they have not the smallest notion, and others quarrel as to whether it was Tibet, or Education, the Local Government Board, the Budget, or Foreign Affairs. And thus members who take part in passing nothing else assist in passing the time.

There is one form of industry which still survives in the House of Commons, and that is the manufacture of blocking motions. Some ingenious gentleman sits down and reflects as to what most members would like to talk about, and then he arranges that they shall not have the chance. He puts down a motion relating to that subject—and takes good care not to move it. Until he moves it, no one can say a word about the matter, and thus he enjoys a prolonged triumph.

A few sessions ago a member popped into the House at the beginning of the session, put down motions referring to nearly everything—and went away to the war in South Africa. During all that session "mum" was the word about nearly every conceivable subject. The good member kept his memory green among those he had left behind him, and as he moved amid the block houses on the veldt he had the consolation of knowing that he had made the House of Commons a block house also.

The other day the same policy was illustrated in connection with Tibet. It had been resolved that a member should move the adjournment of the House to call attention to this peaceful mission which is impressing the dull Tibetans with a sense of our amiable intentions by means of machine guns. To my knowledge very great preparations had been made to have the matter thoroughly discussed. Members had informed themselves as to what an amban is, and as to the number of jingals possessed by the enemy; they had mastered the subtle difference between a Lama and a Llama; they had acquainted themselves with the precise position of Lhassa, and with the right pronunciation of Gyangtse Rong. In a word, they were ready, and were just about to begin when it was discovered that a thoughtful blocker had spiked their guns. He was, no doubt, a proud man when he saw his forethought and prescience thus rewarded.

This is about the last remaining privilege of the private member. He cannot do anything. He gets very few chances of saying anything. The two front benches regard him as less than nothing, and vanity. But though the good man can do nothing himself, he is still able to see that no one else does anything. He experiences the subtle joy of knowing that he has "stymied" the whole House. Thus the one reason why Parliament does nothing is this—the only men who do anything do something which makes it impossible for the others to do anything else.

The block system is admirable on a railway, and it has been found to be a great success as the permanent way in Parliament. But it is still in its infancy, and a member the other night confided to me that on the first day of next session he means to hand in a motion about calling attention to the general state of affairs, "and then, my boy," he said with a chortle, "no one can say a word about anything, and I shall get my peerage."

S. L. H.

The Topictator

A RUSSIAN CHARGED AT BIRMINGHAM WITH USING BAD LANGUAGE PROVED THAT THE ALLEGED LANGUAGE WAS ONLY HIS OWN NAME.

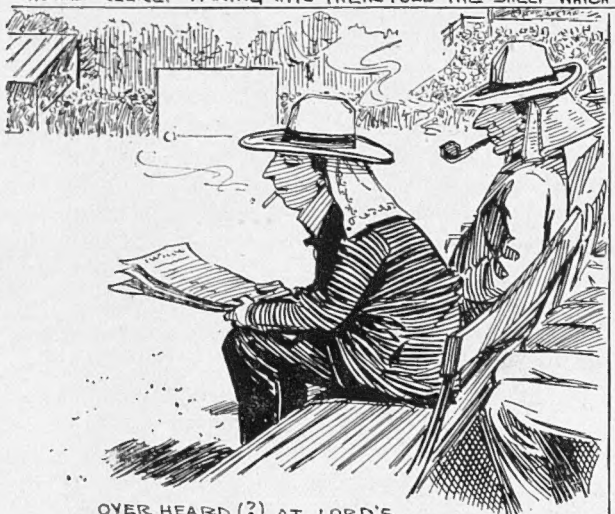
CONSTABLE "WHAT'S YER NAME."
ALIEN "IVAN OSTROVITCHCZSCHIDZIWILLKUTCHEDORFF"
CONSTABLE "AH! (WRITES) WHEN ASKED HIS NAME CALLED ME AN ORSTRICH AND THREATENED TO CUT ME 'EAD OFF."

TWO EXTRACTS FROM ITALIAN PAPERS.

"MR CHAMBERLAIN WAS WEARING A FROCK COAT AND A BLACK BOWLER HAT"
"ITALIAN GAZETTE"

"WE HAVE SEEN THE ELEGANT STATESMAN, MR CHAMBERLAIN JUST FOR ONE MOMENT. HE DRESSES MAGNIFICENTLY!"
"ORA", PALERMO.

SPEAKING AT A LIBERAL MEETING IN MANCHESTER MR WINSTON CHURCHILL SAID HE DID NOT THINK THE LIBERAL PARTY WOULD REGRET TAKING INTO THEIR FOLD THE SHEEP WHICH THE PROTECTIONIST PARTY WERE DRIVING OUT.



OVER HEARD (?) AT LORD'S.
FIRST ENTHUSIAST "WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT THE WAGNER SCORE? WHO'S WAGNER.?"
SECOND DO. "DONT KNOW. SOME ROTTER. NOT A COUNTY MAN."

"SILENCE! THE COURT IS NOT A THEATRE!"

(WE RESPECTFULLY SUGGEST THAT MR JUSTICE DARLING MISSED THIS OPPORTUNITY IN THE CASE OF MOORE.V. COTTON)

F.G.

H.S.H. The Princess of Fürstenberg

One of the most popular of royalties in Vienna is the Princess of Fürstenberg, whose husband, H.S.H. the Prince of Fürstenberg, is the owner of vast estates in Austria, Baden, and Prussia. Her Highness, who is one of those charming foreign personalities, pays England a visit once or twice annually, making friends wherever she goes by her natural, unaffected manners, and she shares a taste in common with so many refined Englishwomen in that she is very fond of dogs. The three taken with the Princess in the portrait are her great chums. They are the French bulldog, "Lord Quex," and the Japanese spaniels, "Nuna" and "Mikado"—"Nuna," a very small dog, was procured from an English kennel at the time of the Emperor of Germany's last visit to Lowther Castle, when the Prince and Princess of Fürstenberg formed one of the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale's house party to meet His Imperial Majesty. On another occasion the Princess was good enough to become President of the French Bulldog Club in England.

The New Master of The Temple

The Mastership of the Temple is, in some respects, an almost unique piece of preferment. The holder of the office may be a cleric of mediocre talents, who is little known outside the walls of the Temple Church, or he may exercise a wide influence, not only over those members of the legal profession to whom he is called upon to minister, but over a large and important section of society. The late Dr. Vaughan, who did so much to restore Harrow School to its position as one of our great public schools, was noted, during his tenure of the Mastership of the Temple, as a preacher and scholar who had few equals in his generation. His successor, Canon Ainger, was unrivalled as a student of the English classics. It remains to be seen in what special line the new Master, the Rev. Henry George Woods, D.D., will make his mark on the ecclesiastical and social life of the metropolis. Dr. Woods, whose sixty-second birthday falls on June 16, was ordained in 1866. The greater part of his clerical life has been spent at the University. He took a distinguished degree at Oxford, and was immediately afterwards elected a Fellow of

Photo by **H.S.H. the Princess of Fürstenberg** [*Adèle*

An Austrian Royal lady who is well-known in English Society. The Princess is very fond of dogs and is the owner of several valuable pets

Photo by *Wicle and Klein*

Baron Ampthill, who has Assumed the Viceroyalty During Lord Curzon's Absence

Baron Ampthill, who has been Governor of Madras since 1900, has been a famous rowing man in his time, having captained the Eton Eight, and rowed in the Oxford University Eight. Besides these distinctions, he won the Silver Goblets at Henley with Guy Nickalls, in 1890-1. For five years he was private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain

Photo by *Russell*

The Rev. H. G. Woods, D.D.

The new Master of the Temple

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Charles Beresford

The wife of the most popular of British admirals

Mesdames Zambelli, Rosita Mauri, and Sandrini
Three stars of the Paris Opera Ballet who were of such great service at the Bazaar, recently held in aid of the Russian and Japanese wounded

Trinity. He was successively Tutor, Bursar, and President of the College. His personal friendship with Lord Brownlow led to his accepting the appointment of chaplain and librarian at Ashridge, exchanging these duties, in 1901, for the parochial charge of Little Gaddesden, near Berkhampstead, where he has been working for the past four years. In 1901 Dr. Woods was nominated as Treasury Commissioner for the Inspection of University Colleges. His published works are an edition of Herodotus, Books I. and II., with English notes. He married a daughter of the late Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, and Mrs. Woods herself is the author of several well-known works.

Mme. Lucienne Guett
Dispensing fruit at the Picture Postcard Exhibition

Five Famous French Dancers

They are French only in the sense that they dance in Paris, three of them, Mesdames Sandrini, Zambelli, and Rosita Mauri at the Grand Opera, of which they are the stars, the other two, Mesdames Guett and Otero, at the dainty little Théâtre des Mathurins, of which, during the present season, Madame Otero has been manageress. She is an extraordinary woman. Born upon Christmas day, in 1868, in the small Spanish village of Puente Valga, Caroline Otero, after a short engagement at a Barcelona theatre, when she was twelve years old, spent several years in Germany. She burst upon Paris at the Cirque d'Eté in 1891, and her beauty and diamonds made her the talk of Europe. Next year she made a prolonged tour through the United States, whence she came to London, and went on to St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna. She has of late forsaken Spanish songs for pantomime, in which her beautiful companion, Lucienne Guett, also excels. Carlotta Clelia Isolina Zambelli is an Italian, born at Milan in November 1877. She was a pupil of Coppini at the Milan Scala, where M. Gailhard saw her and engaged her for the Paris Opera. Her *début* was a triumph, and since she made it, she has always been a favourite with the Paris public. Emma Sandrini, an Austrian by birth, was born at Trieste, in 1872, but came to Paris at eight years of age, and entered the opera ballet before her ninth birthday. She has never since quitted the National Academy of Music, where her successes have been countless. Perhaps the greatest of them was as Swanhilda, in the dainty little ballet of Coppelia. All five of these ladies are invariably to the fore in Paris when funds are to be cajoled from fashionable pockets for charitable purposes, and the remark is credited to that most independent of French priests, le père Dulac, that when asked to preach a short sermon at a charity bazaar he smiled and said: "Bah! Give them Rosita Mauri, Sandrini and Zambelli! Their twinkling feet preach better sermons for your purpose than I can, and let Madame Otero go round with the plate."

La Belle Otero
Presiding at a bar, at which she sold champagne at fifty francs a glass, in aid of the wounded in the Far East

The result was a golden shower which justified the daring of his language.

Lady Charles Beresford

Lady Charles Beresford, as the wife of a hero and one of the most popular men in England, would be worthy of attention even if she were not a most interesting woman herself. Before her marriage she was a Miss Mina Gardner, daughter of the late M.P. for Leicester. She is fond of country pursuits, and at one time made the experiment of running a poultry farm, everything being arranged according to rule, and on the newest recognised principles. An attendant was specially engaged to look after the fowls, and for a while everything went merrily, a fine assortment of roosters and motherly biddies gladdening the heart of the enterprising lady. At last, one morning, a young rooster died mysteriously, and as he had been in the best of health and spirits the night before, Lady Charles sent him to an expert to discover the cause of his sudden end. The result was a long and learned rigmarole, in which some disease, chiefly remarkable for its unpronounceable name, was given as the cause of the catastrophe, and there the matter apparently ended. Long afterwards, however, the servant confessed that the unfortunate bird had strangled itself in the wire, and, being afraid of a scolding for carelessness, he had omitted to tell the truth, a revelation which materially lessened Lady Charles's faith in expert opinion.

Photo by *Cautin and Berger*

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies

The young dramatist, whose third play, *Cynthia*, has just been successfully produced at Wyndham's Theatre

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and Her Children, with Lady Airlie, about to Embark on a Steam Launch, near Windsor, for an Afternoon on the River

Mr. Hubert Henry Davies

The great playgoing public, whatever ennui they may have to suffer inside the theatre, are kept in so continuous a state of expectancy and diversion without by the little storms which periodically brew in theatrical tea-cups that they have little time to occupy themselves with the delicate question of a dramatist's age. Yet, not long since, the appearance of a youth upon an occasion when a greybeard might fitly have presented himself, gave a first-night audience a thrill, such as dramatic performances do not always succeed in evoking. It was the first night of *Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace*. A mixed reception at the fall of the curtain had not failed in its usual effect in arousing the fighting instincts of Sir Charles Wyndham. He gesticulated — the gallery roared; he persevered—the gallery wavered, when from the wings there appeared a blonde young man who was so taken aback at the roar of delighted surprise which greeted his unexpected appearance (in both senses) that he positively blushed. It was a record night.

A Clever Impressionist Sketch of Yvette Guilbert by Granie

Mme. Guilbert has just made her reappearance in London at Bechstein Hall

Madame Yvette Guilbert

The incomparable Yvette Guilbert, who, because she is unlike anyone else, has raised a crop of performers who aspire to be like her, is again in our midst. The black gloves have been laid aside, but it is the old Yvette singing the old songs—with this difference — that they have lost some of their power to shock. Madame Guilbert is asked the reason. She laughs. "It is you Londoners who have changed; you have become broader in your views." Without question she is right. Our illustration, which is after Madame Guilbert's latest portrait, painted by Granié, shows the *artiste* in character. It is such a picture as could please only a great woman whose natural vanity was subordinate to her artistic expression of a type.

The Hon. J. H. Choate, the American Ambassador

One of the best after-dinner speakers of to-day

The American Ambassador

Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, is one of those men obviously destined by nature to be warmly loved, and, we say it softly, as cordially hated. His is a combative spirit, full of impulses to be up and doing, little tranquillised, even now, when its owner is over seventy. He possesses a nimble wit, educated by a long and most successful practice at the Bar, and its caustic raillery has always been directed against abuses from that memorable day, thirty-three years ago, when his assistance was so valuable in breaking up the Tweed Ring and driving the corrupt judges from the Bench. Legal talent runs in his family, for his father, Rufus Choate, was one of the most famous lawyers of his time, while the son made a great pecuniary sacrifice in consenting to fill his present position in England, one case, in the enormous practice he relinquished, bringing him in £20,000, a sum equal to his income as Ambassador. Mr. Choate is an excellent *raconteur*, and, it is said, that upon the occasion when he entertained the King and Queen, Her Majesty laughed more heartily than she had ever been known to do before One of the most characteristic stories of Mr. Choate concerns his wife. It is related that Mr. Choate was once asked by a young lady to record his opinions in her confession book. When he came to the question, "If not yourself, who would you like to be?" he wrote, "Mrs. Choate's second husband"!

Without Apology

The following gem of English prose appeared recently in the *Daily Chronicle*:

Anniversary Suicide

A Spanish chorus girl, named Salome Jago, Milkwood Road, Herne Hill, committed suicide on the anniversary of the death of his wife, to whom he had been deeply attached. He had just sufficient consciousness to say to a constable who found him dying, "My wife died two years ago."

This, we suppose, comes of being the first great penny daily to be issued at a halfpenny without reduction of side—pardon, size.

Miss Marie Corelli's new novel is to appear during the summer. It is not stated what the title is to be, and until August we suppose we are to continue in a state of delightful mystery. The rumour that the book is to be called "The Uttermost Farthing" is apparently without foundation. Of Miss Corelli, it can at least be said that she allows a decent interval to elapse before issuing a new volume. It has been borne in upon her no doubt that "Marie-ing" in haste means repenting at leisure!

The Ayes have it! A correspondent writes to an evening paper pointing out that in Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech at Birmingham the personal pronoun "I" was used 203 times. We have heard of politicians wooing an electorate. But this is the first time we remember a statesman to have been caught "making 'I's.'"

The *Star* states that in Chicago someone has been advertising as follows:

"*Babies, twins, not more than twelve months old, to play parts in 'The Virginian.' Good salary.*"

There is, however, nothing very extraordinary about the above. We fancy that there are certain distinguished journalists in the neighbourhood of Carmelite Street who would regard these so-called "babies" in the light of venerable greybeards.

Which reminds us!

Congratulations to the Editor of the *Daily Distress*, who has just cut his first tooth.

A remarkable rumour is current to the effect that a well-known daily newspaper has engaged the services of a journalist who so far as can be learnt, has never participated in County Cricket. For the honour of the great British Press it is to be hoped that there is no foundation for the statement.

It is stated that both American and British speculators are buying largely in Japanese stock. We should not be surprised to learn that Russian operators were doing so too.

The name of Gladstone has been erased from the roll of fame! In other words, the Duke of Marlborough has signified his disapproval of the late Liberal leader. This the Duke has done by getting rid of the Gladstone portrait, which, until recently, had hung upon the walls of Blenheim.

The reputation of no man, however eminent, could survive the disapproval of the Duke of Marlborough.

The proposal that fat people should be taxed would probably have the support of a large number of M.P.'s, provided that the tax was made to apply to bodies only—and was not extended to heads.

The town of Giessen, in Germany, has among its municipal regulations the following: "Interments are only permitted after death has taken place. In all other cases a certificate signed by the Mayor is required." Possibly what is here said is not quite what is intended, but what a pity it is that no such law obtains in this country. With mayoral assistance, what a clean sweep could then be made of Anti-Vivisectionists, Tariff Commissioners, railway-train politicians, and others of those weird creatures that are to be found in the world.

Why will not nations recognise that honesty is as much their concern as it is the individual's? It has often been said that young civilisations sometimes forget the rulers of honour. And now we find in the *Daily Mail* the following headline:

JAPAN STEALS A MARCH.

Perhaps, however, the Japs intend restitution. We hear that they have something to give the Russians when they meet them.

Among many important events of the past few days—the destruction of Dalny, the appearance in the *Times* of a letter by James Leslie Wanklyn, the return of Lord Curzon—the most important seems the announcement of the impending visit of Dr. Dowie.

The intimation was conveyed to us by means of the following handbill:

Write or wire for seats at once!

Only London Telegraphic Address.—"Faith," Ealing.

Telephone (and person whose good is first consulted): No. 1

HE IS COMING!!!

WHO?

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

THE "GREAT-AIR" RESTORER.

He Restores Everything but your Cash.

For that you may sigh as much as you like: the doctor's sweetly reasonable reply to you is ever the same "Brother Zi-on."

Dr. Dowie's meetings are as moving as a South-Eastern and Chatham Railway train, and you get rail, rail, rail all the time.

Do not let position or anything else keep you back, but

COME.

Many a rich man has been *wonderfully relieved* by Dr. Dowie.

Suffering intensely, as he does, from swollen head, enlarged side, and strained sinews (of war), the doctor is ever ready to stretch forth his hand to heal. No one "stretches it" as he does.

COME—AND BRING YOUR SAVINGS!

———

Every Evening at Exit-em 'All Stranded.

Dr. Dowie.

"With the Long Bow" By G. K. CHESTERTON

A FRENCHMAN'S VIEW OF YOU AND ME

Mr. Fisher Unwin has recently published, and Miss English has very excellently translated, M. Boutmy's book "The English People." On some future occasion perhaps, I may do fuller justice to this remarkable work. For the moment I only wish to draw your attention to one preliminary difficulty that I have about it. From nobody could we ask, I am certain, a fairer estimate of our virtues than from M. Boutmy. From nobody could we ask a more gentle consideration of our vices.

The Danger of Virtue

Unfortunately in the modern world the danger of a nation does not come from its vices: queerly enough it comes from its virtues. For there is so much cosmopolitanism and so many compliments, there is so much international eulogy for one reason or another, that a people is generally very likely to go to pieces, not from an over-consciousness of its defects, but from an over-consciousness of its merits. It requires a great strength and valour of the soul to survive the perfect knowledge of our vices. But it requires a strength and goodness almost beyond imagination to survive the knowledge of our virtues. So it is, for instance, with M. Boutmy. I have to thank Mr. Fisher Unwin for having published a book, almost every paragraph of which I have read with pleasure and an excitement either of disagreement or assent. I have to thank M. Boutmy for having paid many generous compliments to the country which I love, compliments which I believe to be fully deserved.

A Question for the Police

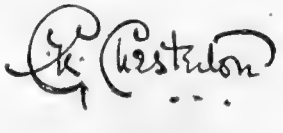
I trust that neither M. Boutmy nor Mr. Fisher Unwin will think my observation ungrateful, or in any way inconsistent with these admissions, if I say that I think it would be a very good thing if the police forbade the book to be sold in England. For the exceedingly careful and sagacious words of M. Boutmy, almost entirely, as I say, true in themselves, would produce, I am sure, on the general English mind the notion that the most unfortunate of the modern English fallacies were really true. The main burden of M. Boutmy's book is to the effect that the English are chiefly characterised by a splendid energy, combined with a certain indifference to the objects to which that energy is addressed. Now I believe that this is true. But I am sure that it is not good for the modern Englishman to be always thinking about it. I can almost perfectly express myself by saying that I feel like a mother. A mother might be quite certain that her daughter was very beautiful and might be extraordinarily proud of the fact, and might yet not desire by any means that her daughter should be told that she was very beautiful by every second person in the street. Similarly England (whom I regard, generally speaking, as my daughter) is, I am glad to say, a very energetic place. But there is this difficulty about the matter, that to tell a man that he has energy has not infrequently the same result as to tell a girl that she has beauty.

Insufferable Essentials

That effect may be divided into two parts; first it makes him or her regard his or her accomplishment or merit as the one thing needful; and second, it makes him or her a revolting nuisance. There is really something about these quite primary and elemental superiorities which makes them become violent and disproportionate. Strength in a man and beauty in a woman are, if you will, essential. Only when a thing is essential it is nearly always insufferable. I do not complain of the conceit about these things. I think there is something rather glorious about the fact that the thing a man is proud of, the thing a woman is proud of, is something they could not possibly help. But clearly there are in this fact dangers of a terrible delusion and vain glory, a delusion and vain glory leading not only to folly, but to disaster. To possess the English energy is a good thing, like having a pretty face. It will do a good deal in politics and practical life, like having a pretty face. But if a man, merely because energy and prettiness are both very jolly and poetical (as they are) deduces from this fact that if Bismarck is ugly and Napoleon III. not quite so ugly, the comparative prettiness will win the battle of Sedan, he will find he has underrated the other forces in the affair. Believe me, my fellow-countrymen, if you trust to the English energy and nothing else to bring you out of everything, you might just as well be trusting to the fact that Mr. Balfour is undoubtedly a handsome man.

An Awful Truth About the English

You perceive, therefore, my preliminary difficulty. I know my countrymen and I know that M. Boutmy has praised them rightly in this particular. I am glad that he has praised them; I roll about on the carpet with pride. But while I am proud that he has praised them, I am afraid that he has pleased them. For I know their strength and know that their strength is, as M. Boutmy says, energy. But alas, I know their weakness also; and I know that their weakness is self-deception and a blundering vanity. To tell them that they have energy will not increase their energy: for energy is a thing like breathing—the less one thinks about it the better. But it will increase their vanity, that is, it will still further weaken their weakness. Therefore I would hide the glorious secret about the English in a dark place. I would tell it, as Midas told his secret, to the reeds. I would speak it into some dark cavern; I would whisper it to the whirlwind on the waste hills. Only the dimmest corner and the loneliest hour, should learn the awful truth that we English are a splendid people. Or driven from these dark haunts to an even darker secrecy, I would even confide the secret, as I am doing at this moment, to an illustrated paper with a large circulation. There, at any rate, it will be safe.



"Chestnut Sunday" in Bushey Park

The blossoming of the chestnuts in Bushey Park this year attracted the annual pilgrimage of sightseers and merrymakers from London and its environs. For the heathens who have not participated in this sacred festival, it may be explained that the full splendour of the park is only to be seen when the unrivalled triple avenue of horse-chestnuts, over a mile in length, is a mass of bloom. The avenue is said to have been planted by William III. Owing to the perfect weather on May 15, "Chestnut Sunday" attracted more people to Bushey than it has for many years past

FROM ABROAD.

Chatham Street, Colombo

Chatham Street, which is the main thoroughfare, contains all the principal European shops and many fine buildings

Photos by *Skene*

Kandy, the Chief Centre of the Tea Industry

Kandy, 74 miles from Colombo, is beautifully situated on a lake among mountains about 1,700 feet above sea-level

THE TEA PLANTATIONS (N

Tea Planting in Ceylon

The growth of the tea plant is chiefly confined to hilly districts. It is raised from seed, and the rearing of it requires great skill and attention. In seven years the plant attains a height of six feet, and the leaves are plucked off carefully one by one

Photos by *Skene*

Interior of a Tea Factory

After being plucked, the leaves are taken to the factory. In their green condition they are placed in a hot pan over a small furnace, and then lightly rubbed by native women between the palms of the hands or on a small table. The process is repeated until the leaves become small, crisp, and curled

Harbin, the New Headquarters of the Russians under Admiral Alexeieff

A Russian officer informed a Reuter's correspondent that the Russians will remain at Harbin until fresh relays of troops arrive from home. The rainy season will soon commence, and a campaign will then be all but impossible

Houses of Russian Engineers at Harbin

The engineers are engaged in building the new barracks for the troops which are seen in course of construction in the photograph at the top of the page

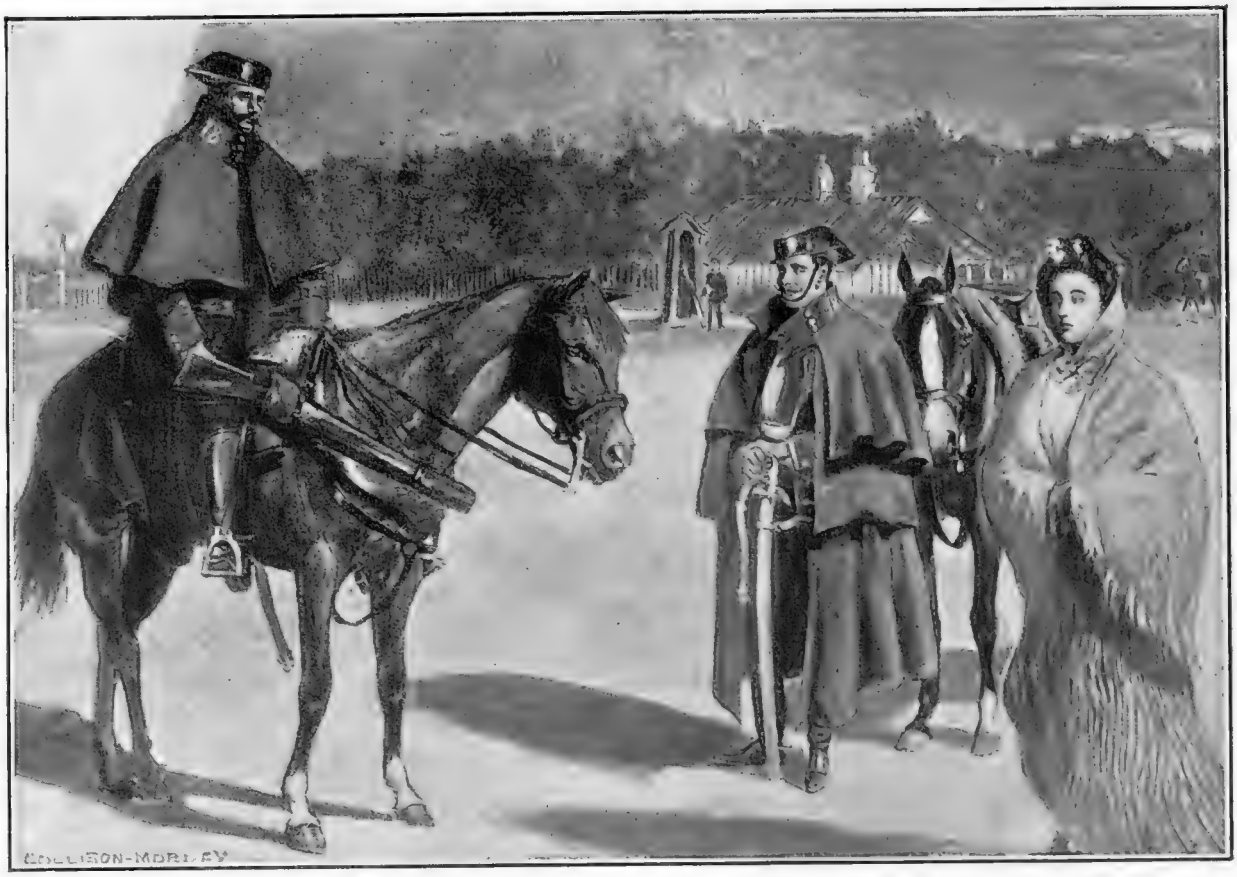
Liao-Yang: the Headquarters of Admiral Alexeieff's Staff, whence they Retreated to Mukden on May 7, owing to the Victorious Advancement of the Japanese

Liao-Yang is a junction of the railway to the Korean Frontier, and is now in the hands of the Japanese

The Russian Headquarters at Mukden, the Capital of Manchuria,
Which was for some time Admiral Alexeieff's headquarters, but from which he has been forced to beat a second retreat to Harbin

Dalny, the Chief Terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway
Which has been bombarded by 50,000 Japanese. This is a great blow to the Russians, who were forced to destroy docks and buildings on which they have expended £4,000,000

The Railway Station at Port Arthur
The Russian inhabitants at Port Arthur are fortifying themselves by remembering the deeds of their countrymen in the Crimea. "We can die [illegible] forefathers," is the general sentiment expressed. Recent movements show that the Japanese are slowly but surely closing in upon Russia's stronghold in the Far East



Specially Drawn for *The Bystander*

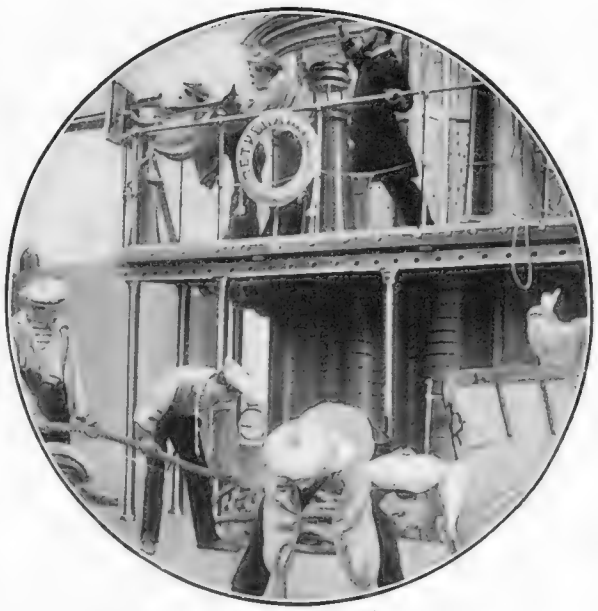
Our Continental Frontier: On the Neutral Ground at Gibraltar

The Recent Floods in Montreal

There have been recently some extraordinary floods in Montreal. The photograph represents the overflow as it appeared in Verdun, a suburb of Montreal

HOW PHOTOGRAPHS OF RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR SCENES ARE FAKED

The philosopher who said that language was given to humanity to disguise its thoughts, would, had he lived nowadays, have found that photography was probably intended for the purpose of falsifying history. The man in the street puts a blind faith in photographs, and does not realise how easily an expert can make the camera do his will. But that this is so may be shown by the illustrations on this page, purporting to be pictures of the War in the Far East. They were taken in Belleville, a suburb of Paris, by Messrs. Pathé Frères, for the cinematograph, and every evening in the Paris music-halls the public admires the rapidity with which these war documents have been procured from Far Manchuria. The writer of these lines was privileged to be present at a *séance* of this fake photography, and found it very interesting. It was amusing, for instance, to see first Russians and then Japanese posing in the self-same fort, and more amusing still, perhaps, to see a brave little Jap in the front line of kneeling soldiers, metamorphosed, a few moments later, into a Russian sailor hauling a rope upon a cardboard Russian ship, while comrades, ex-Japs also, sighted the gun upon the bridge above. The place on which these photographs were taken is a piece of waste ground, which serves its purpose well. No expense is spared to paint in the necessary scenery, and smoke, such as that in the execution of the spies, is realistically added to



Faked Photo. No. 1: "Scene on a Man-o'-war"

This picture has appeared in several Paris publications, although many of the Russian sailors may be recognised as Jap soldiers in other photographs

Photos by *Pathé*

Faked Photo. No. 2: "Executing a Japanese Spy"

The "supers" in this thrilling scene would prove but sorry marksmen in actual warfare to judge from the carelessness of their aim. The smoke is painted in after the photograph is taken

Faked Photo. No. 3: "Scene in a Russian Fort"

Photos by *Pathé*

Faked Photo. No. 4: "Scene in a Japanese Fort"

The interiors of these two forts are suspiciously alike. The discerning eye will note, too, the theatrical appearance of the characters

HOW PHOTOGRAPHS OF RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR SCENES ARE FAKED

Photo by *Pathé*

Faked Photo. No. 5: "Capture of Spies by Cossacks."

Much credit is due to the characters in this dramatic scene for the manner in which they are, to adopt theatrical parlance, "holding the picture

the negative. Watching the photographs being taken is a trifle weird, for the scenes are gone through most realistically, and the Russians and Japanese, who are drawn from the ranks of theatrical "supers," undoubtedly earn their hourly wage of seventy-five centimes.

THE MOTOR DISASTER NEAR PARIS

We are able to give our readers the only photograph taken of the scene of the motor-disaster at a level crossing near Paris, within ten minutes of the passing of the express which destroyed a motor-car and six occupants. It appears that the gateways were open, and the unsuspecting motorists charged rapidly across the line, to be met by the express, dashing by at the rate of fifty-eight miles an hour. The engine, which was unusually heavy, and much higher than are those in vogue with us, caught the automobile, and carried it, in[illegible]ble as it may [illegible]arly a kilo-[illegible]lise this, you have only to look at our illustration, which depicts the level crossing in the extreme distance, hard by a clump of trees. It was these trees and the distant curve of the line which occasioned the catastrophe. The first intimation of the disaster to those in the train was sudden flames and smoke, and the miracle is that the petrol, being shot over the locomotive, did not set the train on fire. Six lives were lost, including M. Dietsch, M. Eckmann, the representative of an English company; his son, the driver of the car, and two ladies. Three people had most miraculous escapes.

Scene of the Disaster

Our correspondent, who was travelling in the express at the time of the accident, took the accompanying photograph immediately the train was brought to a standstill

"At the Sign of the Times"

An All-round Emperor

Expert authorities are agreed in saying that the Kaiser has no intention of piloting a car personally in the forthcoming Gordon Bennett race. The utmost he will do will be to instruct German competitors in the management of their automobiles.

The Colour of the Japanese

To turn to rather a different subject—What colour are the Japanese? A native Japanese correspondent, the pride of one of our daily journals which shall be nameless, is doubtful whether the Japanese will take it as a compliment to be ranked among "The White Race." "For the time being," he says, "I shall certainly not include the Japanese among the White Race, but make out a separate race, which I shall call the Golden Race." "For the time being" is a delicate touch, which Russians would appreciate.

On the Value of Bumptiousness

We are not Russians, or even Pro-Russians. Nevertheless we cannot help wishing that Native Japanese Correspondents would cease to write as if they had been born and bred in the United States. National pride is a big thing, but it is not necessarily best expressed in big words. Japanese censors, please note.

Our Native Tibetan Correspondent

But perhaps it is not your fault, Japanese censors. Our Native Tibetan Correspondent, for instance (THE BYSTANDER is, we believe, the only journal possessing a Native Tibetan Correspondent, and we have never seen him—so he may be a myth), though uncensored, can hardly be said to write in a modest strain. He says: "We are very terrible and heroic, resembling in these respects at once the tiger and the mosquito. Also the yak. Colonel Younghusband is in a great fear of us.

A Chance for Connoisseurs

These curios, which will at once be recognised by connoisseurs among our readers, were found recently in Queen Street, Holborn, where ...tions are being made for the new tramway subway, which will pass under the new thoroughfare to be known as Kingsway. It is expected will find a home in the L.C.C. Museum

Our jingals have now got the range of his camp. Soon we hope to hit it." The trouble about our N.T.C. is that he cannot tell a lie.

More Light

Dr. Clifford has achieved the seemingly impossible. He has thrown more light upon the dangers of the Secret Education Committee.

What is Intuition?

Every man worthy of the name knows that women possess intuition. Many men used to suppose that it was the quality whereby women are enabled (1) to prove themselves in the right without giving any reasons, (2) to choose—without any expert knowledge—a nice brand of cigars for their husbands. But it cannot be so, for, a few days ago, in the *Daily Chronicle*, Madame Grand stated that "the action of intuition is in the infinite."

Only Madame Grand Knows

It would be the highest impertinence for us to attempt to unravel the meaning of this sentence. Besides, Madame Grand's own further statement is enough. "Man himself," she adds, "feels that there is something wrong." Obviously, this cannot apply to such trivialities as arguments and cigars.

Should Women-Writers Emigrate?

May, altogether, has been rather a month of women's triumphs. While Madame Grand has been deploring the lack of wings among men in the above-mentioned paper, several leading women-writers have been declaring (in *London Opinion*) that Women Should Emigrate. They have only condemned some women to this extremity—the superfluous women, so to speak. These do not, we understand, include any women-writers.

A Christian Science Blow

Mrs. Mary Eddy, again, head and promoter of Christian Science, has been sending out to all Christian Science branches (the postage must have been tremendous) notice of an amendment to the Constitution of the Church. It is to the effect that Christian Scientists are forbidden to belong to any club or organisation which excludes either sex. The Athenæum Club, the Omarites, and the Houses of Parliament are in despair.

Clubwomen Rejoicing

But, of course, the edict will press most hardly upon Christian Scientists of the male persuasion. Several instances of heart-failure among well-known clubmen are likely to be heard of in the near future, and Dr. Dowie may gain some converts if Zion shares do not stand too high. Clubwomen are rejoicing.

A Suburban Postcard

This is intended as a supplement to the Country Postcard, now appearing in so many papers. Our Upper Tooting representative reports: "The plumbers are still with us, or rather would be if they had not gone away for a week's Bank Holiday. We ourselves—George and I—that is to say—have been forced to stay at home, and see that no burglars come up the ladders which they have left standing. We bought some cream the other day. It was very thick. We used it to paper the spare bedroom with. Tooting is looking bright and spring-cleaned." MINIMUS.

The New Consolation Prize in Our Bridge Competitions

gives a fair idea of the new Consolation Prizes given in connection with our Fortnightly Bridge Competitions. (See page 782 ition this week). Every two weeks a new hand is given, and besides three substantial money prizes, twenty BYSTANDER Bridge- ach containing two packs of the very best pneumatic playing cards, with a replica of our well-known cover on the backs

CONCERNING MAX BEERBOHM

To be the best-dressed baby in his set was, from the moments of the first dawning of intelligence, the object of life with the little Beerbohm who first drew breath on an auspicious August day some one-and-thirty years ago. Quietly, but unmistakably, he took (of this we may be reasonably sure) the lead in this regard among the noble and gentle infants with whom he mingled. His socks were never down. The ample breadth of sash that cinctured him was never twisted to a crumpled rope by violent action, and the crisp freshness of its posterior bow was kept throughout the day like that of the one which, settled nicely beneath his collar, now moves the reluctant admiration of rival dandies. His bibs were the freshest and his frocks the starchiest in London. His equipage, renowned as the neatest turn-out ever seen in Kensington Gardens, was pushed by the trimmest nurse, who walked out with none but the Household Cavalry.

If Mr. Beerbohm, his father, ever thought to develop and bring to maturity the spirit of dandyism so early born (an idea very rarely entertained by fathers as a class), he went to work in no enlightened way. For Max has laid down the rule as follows: "Any parent intending his son to be a dandy will do well to send him first into the Army, there to learn humility, as did his archetype, Apollo, in the house of Admetus. A sojourn at one of the Public Schools is also to be commended. The University it were well to avoid."

But no sword has clattered at the side of Max, whose heart has been in the handling of the mightier weapon. No warlike growth has ever hidden the yet more redoubtable curl of his lip. He may have wished to soldier; but there was no soldiering for him: and this explains, perhaps, his having never learned humility. A humble Max would not have done at all. Some cloister would have shut upon him, as on so many of those who have seen through the world, but lacked the spirit and the impudence to tell it so to its face, as it is the delight of our irrepressible Max to do.—Yet who knows but the man is humbler than his work? For he is a persevering thinker, as well as one of the caricaturists and one of the wits; and thinking should drive out self-glory.

No Army, then, for him. As to Public Schools, he has been so near the cloister just mentioned as to be able to call himself Old Carthusian. At the Charterhouse he was universally beloved. At least, I never heard anything to the contrary.

"The University it were well to avoid." Yet did Oxford destroy in Max "the dandiacal mind," as he has called it? Assuredly not: and those were days, indeed, when Max, divinely clad, flitted through the Mob Quad of venerable Merton, on the way to whatsoever business beguiled him from the lecture he should have been attending. Memories of him linger among those grey buildings. In times to be some hoary-headed scout will show the rooms in which he lived; the window through which, in a moment of hot blood, he hurled an orange once from the quad below; and, not far off the window at which he aimed. Legends will cluster round the staircase that knew the pattering of his feet. Reverently the American visitors will chip fragments, unperceived, from the stall in the old Chapel where he ought to have knelt so often. His portrait, between that of the Founder and that of the late Warden, will gaze calmly down upon the feasters from the panelling of the Hall. His works will enrich the Library, and in the Junior Common Room a drawing, reputed to be his, will hang behind the presidential chair.

The Merton trinity of those days will be Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; Andrew Lang, who brought to its highest point the art of writing on a broomstick; and Max Beerbohm, who drew the notice of humanity to the back of Mr. Chamberlain's neck.

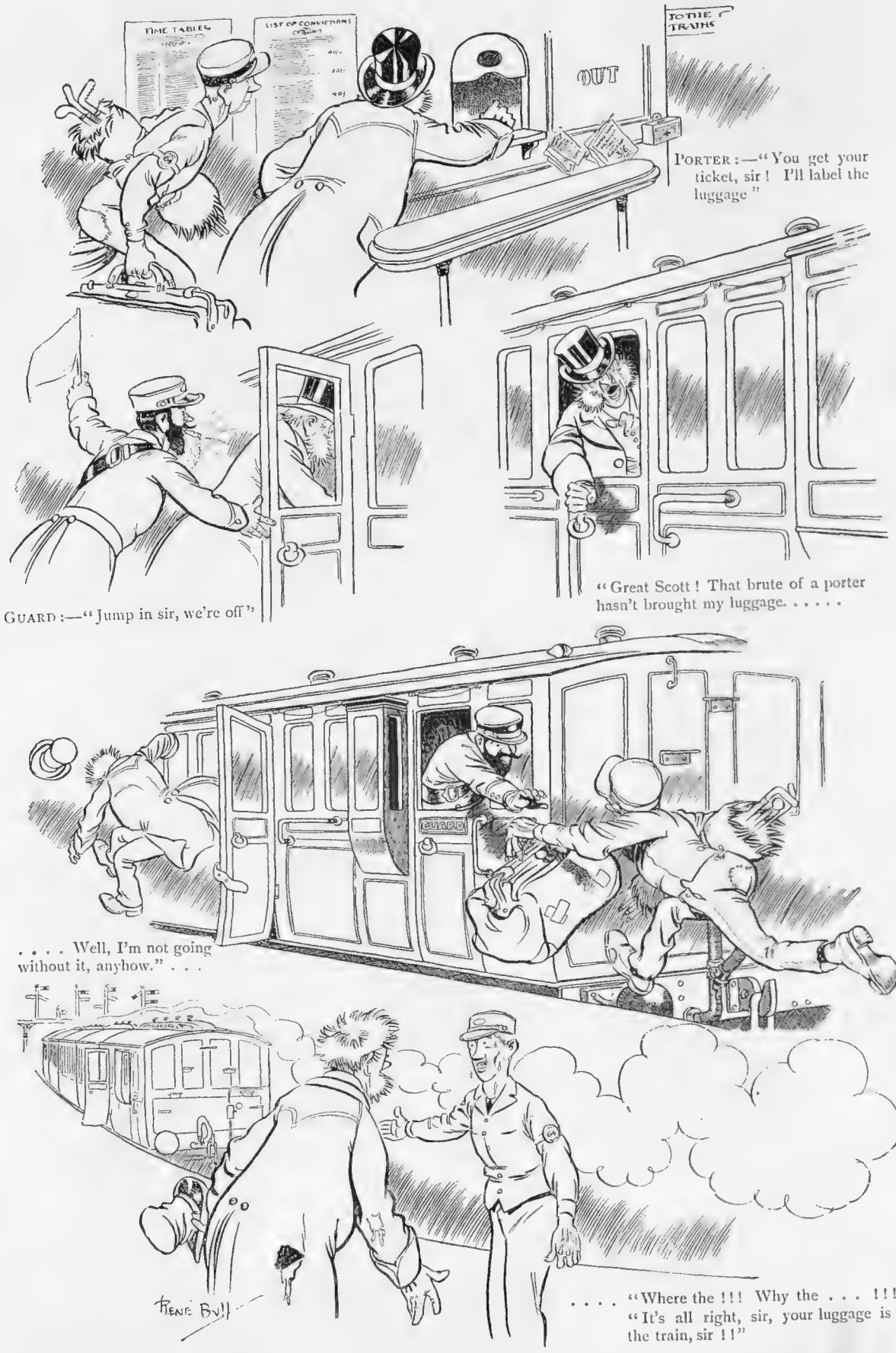
For after all, it is as a master of caricature that Max shines nowadays. His early dandiacal writings, those balanced and stylish works of art that took the fancy of a certain public—work that began with his letter to the editor of his school paper, denouncing its dulness, and broke into blossom in the "Defence of Cosmetics" in the *Yellow Book*—those writings are succeeded now by the notable criticism of the contemporary stage which weekly illuminates the *Saturday Review*, and by those original and singular caricatures of which people are beginning to understand the excellence. His "Poet's Corner" (the latest and best of his work of this kind) has been received with the loudest praises.

All those who would be looked upon as judges have learned to say that Max is our only caricaturist: for he has himself laid down the principles of this branch of work, as distinct from that of the comic artist, and there is plainly no one else who observes them. He is in the happy position of having educated his own critics. This is the reward of a lifetime of study and devotion. He has always drawn. It is ten years since his first caricature was published; but there were many before. In the hands of more than one don of Merton are examples of these, libels on their present possessors, in the making of which the young artist passed the leaden moments of many a lecture in college.

As a baby, Max was famed for biting, and he is biting still. None escape, from the King down to Mr. Chesterton; but it is all in play, and [illegible] more venom in his pencil now than there [illegible] long-lost incisors of his childhood.

A Caricaturist Caricatured

HOW MR. JONES STARTED ON HIS WHITSUN HOLIDAYS



PORTER:—"You get your ticket, sir! I'll label the luggage"

"Great Scott! That brute of a porter hasn't brought my luggage. . . . . .

GUARD:—"Jump in sir, we're off"

. . . . Well, I'm not going without it, anyhow." . . .

. . . . "Where the !!! Why the . . . !!!"
"It's all right, sir, your luggage is in the train, sir!!"

OUR SHORT STORY

MORRISON'S MIRROR

BY CHARLES LANDE

PART I.

To begin at the beginning; to go back to the date of my first acquaintance with the mirror is to return in memory to the afternoon of a miserable January day. It had rained since early morning—a fine, close rain which seemed to have a subtle way of making everyone uncomfortable. Fleet Street ran with liquid mud, which the omnibuses, as they passed, splashed liberally across the pavements; a thin grey mist hung like a pall above the dripping houses. My chambers, in Middle Temple Lane, held out to me a vista of dry comfort as I made my way through the umbrella-laden throng down Fleet Street on that depressing afternoon.

I was turning into the Temple, when someone hailed me loudly from the direction of the Strand. I stopped, and with surprise recognised Morrison.

He came bearing down on me with long swinging strides, tall and spare, his head very much forward in a sort of craning attitude peculiar to him. As usual, he had neither coat nor umbrella, though it was raining, and I noticed that he carried a brown paper parcel under his arm. My acquaintance with Morrison has always been of a spasmodic character. He was a very extraordinary man. At the time of his call to the Bar, a great future was predicted for him; the grasp and subtlety of his mind were quite wonderful, and, combined with more solid qualities, must soon have placed him in the front rank. But he proved a failure of the completest kind. The drudgery and idle life in chambers soon sickened him of the profession. He spent most of his time at the British Museum developing a craze for research into the wonders and mysteries of the past. About that time he wrote an article on some very abstruse subject—I read it with little understanding—which created something of a sensation among a few savants; and then he disappeared altogether from London, and years passed without a word or sign. Now we met as though we had seen each other the day before. Morrison did not even go through the formality of shaking hands; he merely slipped his arm through mine and we took up our friendship where we had broken it off three years ago. We sat for hours before the blazing fire in my chambers, and I listened while Morrison told me in his strange jerky way of his adventures and of the life he had been leading. He told me of many things he had done and seen—of his adventures as a war correspondent, as a mining engineer and in half a dozen other professions lower down the scale.

The hours passed like minutes to me, when suddenly he came back with a swoop to the present. He told me that he was doing nothing just then; he had come that day to town to attend a sale of the furniture and effects of an uncle who had died recently.

"I didn't benefit to any great extent under the will," he added, answering a question I had not cared to put. "My sister took the bulk. She lived with the old man, and she detests me."

He spoke as though the matter was of small consequence, but I could not help noticing that my friend's outward appearance was not that of affluence. The light of the lamp betrayed the unhealthy lustre of his coat. It was beautifully clean, but it was shabby. His trousers showed signs of wear, and his boots had seen the cobbler more than once. He did not seem in the smallest degree depressed, however, and his conversation gave no hint of poverty. He stopped in the middle of a sentence as his eye rested for a moment on the brown paper parcel which he had placed on the table when he came in.

He stretched out his hand for it and began to tug at the knots in the string with his long white fingers—talking all the while. "I forgot about this," he said, "you are a connoisseur in such things and you might like to see it. I have hardly looked at it myself, but it struck me as uncommon. I told you about my uncle's sale. Well! Somehow or other, I can't say exactly why, I made up my mind to be there. I had a trifle under the will—a trifle so small as to seem almost ironically intended. I thought I would go and spend a part of it in some little trifle to remind me of the old gentleman. I was fond of him many years ago.

"There was the usual rabble in the auction rooms, and I soon tired of the noise, and the dust, and the droning of the auctioneer, and the tapping of the hammer. So I went to lunch, taking the catalogue with me, and, for one reason and another, I was away an unconscionable time. I think I half went to sleep after lunch. At all events, when I got back to the rooms, the affair was almost over. Nearly all the people were gone, and only two or three job lots remained unsold.

"I went in for one of them at random, and received a whole collection of rubbish—some old candlesticks, a pair of fire-dogs which, together with some other odds and ends, I left behind. I brought away this." He removed the brown paper as he spoke, and held up a little ebony framed mirror. It was very small, in fact, the smallest mirror I have ever seen. I don't suppose it measured more than twelve inches square, and the frame was deep, so that the glass—or what I took to be the glass—was tiny.

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It was very dirty, and evidently had not been used for many years. The keen polish of the ebony had long ago disappeared, and the mirror within was blurred with long accumulations of dust and stains. In its present state it was impossible to examine it properly, but a little rubbing and dusting soon put it in a fairly respectable condition.

I have a certain superficial knowledge of curios and antique furniture, and, as I examined the mirror, I felt no doubt whatever that Morrison had stumbled on a treasure from a collector's point of view. It was quite unlike anything I had ever seen before, and in many ways it puzzled me.

The wide ebony frame was bevelled back and perfectly smooth, and the removal of dirt and dust revealed a curious and irregular pattern inlaid in some dark metal—probably silver—running round it. At the bottom of this was a large A, and at the top of the mirror the letter N was carved into the wood.

Apparently the wood was one piece, cut out of the solid block, for no join of any kind was visible even on the closest inspection. The thing completely baffled me. I could not suggest the period to which it belonged, or even the nationality of the workmanship.

All the information I could give was that it was old and valuable, and with that I handed back the curio to its owner. Morrison took the mirror from me and, moving close to the light, began carefully to examine the pattern on the frame with a little magnifying glass which he always carried, rubbing the wood and peering at it with his neck craned forward like a great bird. He grew very interested in his examination; so interested that he quite forgot my presence, and muttered inarticulately under his breath. I was becoming impatient, when at last he looked up and put away the glass.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"What do I make of it?" he said slowly, and his manner seemed to me to become suddenly strained and artificial. "What do I understand about such things? I will take it to a dealer. It is a funny old curiosity."

He rose as he spoke, and, looking at his watch, took up his hat. A few minutes before he had seemed in no hurry to go, but now suddenly time was of importance to him; he had an appointment which he must keep. I did not try to dissuade him, for I knew my man; so I took the mirror from the table and prepared to make a parcel of it. As I placed it face upwards on the paper I looked into the glass, now clean and clear, and became aware of a strange thing.

My eyes looked into a black shining void, like a smooth, deep pool under a bright moon. "Morrison," I called out sharply, "this is a strange mirror. It doesn't throw a reflection." He did not seem astonished and interested, as I thought he would; but he came and looked over my shoulder in an absent-minded way and began to button his gloves. "It is strange, certainly," he said at last; "I noticed it before you spoke. I want to examine it carefully. And look here, Hill, don't mention this to anyone. I have my reasons. The thing may be of value. I rather think it is, and I don't want a lot of dealers coming round to worry me. Good-bye," he added quickly, making for the door with the mirror in his hand, "so glad to have seen you. Look you up again soon."

The door slammed and he was gone.

Part II.

One day, a month or six weeks later, in the early spring, I came back to my chambers after lunch, and discovered Morrison there waiting for me. I was shocked to see the change in his appearance. His face—always pale—was now the colour of dull wax. The bright eyes, more restless than ever, looked out from the black shadows which surrounded them with a vitality strange to see in that corpse-like face. His manner, I thought, was wild and strange. His clothes were even shabbier than when I had last seen him.

My first thought, I am ashamed to say, was that he wished to borrow money, for I could see that he had come with some definite object, and that, for some reason, he was unwilling to address me on it. He seemed to me like a man who, having made up his mind to some course, and embarked upon it, yet hesitates to carry it through. He sat in my big arm-chair, with his head on his hands, looking into the fire, and gradually a ragged conversation came to a standstill. We drifted into silence, and at last Morrison began:

"When was I last here, Hill?" he said.

"It must have been six or seven weeks ago," I replied, "I have the date in my diary."

"That was the day I showed you the mirror, wasn't it? Six weeks! It seems six years to me. Now," he added, looking up at me suddenly, "I am going to tell you all about it. I don't know why I should. You won't believe me—at least, I can't think you will. But I have reached that point when I must tell *someone* or go mad; and as you were the first to see the thing, I come to you. You won't, at least, proclaim me a madman from the house-tops.

"Since I was here last I have been working like a slave—harder, I believe, than man ever worked before. I have slept when I could no longer keep awake, and I have bolted food when I was starving. I was working at the mirror. Now don't interrupt me." He paused, as though to collect his thoughts. "You noticed, of course, when I hurried off so rudely that day that something about the thing had awakened my strongest interest. In reality, as I said good-night, I was literally boiling to be at home and alone with it. I little thought, when I entered your rooms that afternoon with that parcel under my arm, that I had, wrapped in an old piece of brown paper, a treasure, a possession of such power and value as to make the mind of man reel at the bare thought of it.

"When you rubbed the dirt and dust from the silver, I examined that circular inscription under the magnifying glass, and then it was that I noticed the extraordinary nature of the glass itself. It was apparent at once that it was no mirror, and I recognised that I held in my hand one of those old crystals which the wise men of the past had used as a mode of divination.

"I used to be interested in the subject of crystallomancy a few years ago, and I remember ex[illegible] the famous Dr. Dee's crystals in the Briti[illegible]

I dare say you yourself have heard of Lady Blessington's crystal which figured in the Morrison libel action in 1863? Those are the most recent examples of well-known crystals. But the crystal of the mirror was not one of these. It was of great age, and it differed in many respects from any of the crystals of modern times of which there is any record. Those two letters —the 'A' at the bottom of the inscription, and the 'N' carved into the ebony at the top, gave me the clue. The truth flashed on me in a moment: for the 'A' stands for Agrippa and the 'N' for Nettesheim, the family to which he belonged, and the mirror was the ancient mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the Philospher, who died at Grenoble in 1535.

"For hundreds of years the crystal of Agrippa—the most famous of all—has never been heard of. Some writers have even doubted its existence, though a description of it is to be found among Agrippa's writings. It was before me now, and, full of enthusiasm and a strange sensation of anticipation, I set forth to read the inscription.

"And here I must explain a little. The subject of crystallomancy had interested me for a time, but it soon failed to satisfy me. The results of a series of experiments made by me, although they showed beyond all question the existence of some power altogether beyond our common knowledge, yet never realised any valuable or definite purpose. The crystal would produce before one's eyes images of some sort, but almost invariably these images were of such a kind that nothing whatever could be deduced from them. They were disconnected and useless.

"But the crystal of Agrippa, if what has been written is true, gives the power to him who understands its use to read the future as a man may read the pages of a book. I was convinced that the secret of its use lay hidden in that inscription which ran round the mirror.

"A week of unremitting labour found me no nearer a solution; then a mere chance gave me a clue and I worked all the harder, till three days ago I held the answer and read off the writing."

I could see Morrison's long thin fingers trembling as he stretched them to the fire; his eyes were shining with excitement. He continued:

"That night I made my first experiment. I took the mirror and placed it before me in a half darkened room. What else I did I need not tell you; but I carried out the instructions of the inscription carefully. As I gazed into the mirror I fixed all my mind on the experiment, and, after a time, I seemed to sink into a state of half unconsciousness. The tumult of my thoughts subsided and an absolute tranquillity supervened. I felt as a drowning man might feel who gives up the struggle and sinks slowly down into the depths of the sea.

"Then the mirror began to glow beneath my eyes and a mist swept swiftly across its surface. The mist lifted and I looked into the future. What I saw I saw but for a moment. The image faded slowly and the mist drifted once again across my eyes. I felt myself alone in the darkness. Horror, a dreadful nausea overcame me. I tried to find then, I suppose, I fainted. My old housekeeper found me on the floor, hours later, and thought me dead.

"That was my first experiment. It was some time before there was a second. I was prostrated for several days and kept my bed. The knowledge of what I possessed was too much for me." He stopped suddenly and looked up at me in his quick, keen way. "Do you believe all this?" he said.

I do not know what was my answer to this point blank query. I had been expecting it, yet it took me by surprise. I could not tell him that his brain had given way, and that he was the victim of an absurd hallucination.

I stammered out something—I don't know what—and I could hear him muttering to himself gently as he rocked his body backwards and forwards in his chair. I noticed again how terribly ill he looked, with his bloodshot eyes, and the dead white colour of his face.

"Hill," he said at last, after a long pause, "I swear it is true. I cannot convince you. I was a fool to think I could. I see what you think, but you are wrong. I have looked into the future. I have seen through a glass darkly—not always with perfect comprehension—but I *have* seen. The mirror is my servant. It obeys me; it shows me what I wish. I have already looked into it many times. It has shown me frightful things, things which you would not believe if I told them to you." He stopped, and seemed unable to continue for a time, but, with an effort, he went on, leaning forward, and speaking almost in a whisper:

"We see London to-day, a huge city, teeming with life, surging with traffic, a place of noise and movement, of pleasure, and pain, and excitement. I have seen London in the future, a great city still, with the same fine buildings and broad streets all blazing in a June sunshine, but without one single sign of life or movement, a great city of the dead, a huge, silent city filled with corpses—and the enemy without.

"There are new horrors of war coming, the bare possibility of which we have never even contemplated. And we sit still and wait for it. Oh! These politicians! what fools they are.

"Do you know, Hill, in my first madness of horror at what I had seen, I wrote a letter of warning to—never mind to whom—a great man. I forgot that it was inevitable, that it must all come to pass. I was out of my mind. I told him of new and terrible engines of destruction, of the peril which is so imminent, and I had a formal letter from his secretary which showed me what a fool I had been.

"The knowledge of these things and the absolute powerlessness to do anything to avert them haunt me.

"Sometimes I hate the mirror and swear to destroy it.

"I took it in my hand yesterday, and was within an ace of dashing it on the ground. But the fascination of the thing withheld me. I have seen so little yet." He paused and put his hand to his face with a sort of hopeless gesture.

"Morrison," I said. "For God's sake pull yourself together. You are ill. I can see it for myself. You must rid yourself of these horrible delusions,

leave London at once and rest; but first destroy this mirror."

He shook his head. "No," he said slowly, "You are wrong. These are no delusions. I was never saner than I am at this moment—my intellect was never clearer. But I was foolish to think you would believe me I shall not destroy the mirror—not yet at least I must go now. Good-bye. Some day, perhaps you will know I have told you the truth."

That interview with Morrison affected me strangely. It upset my nerves; it robbed me of sleep. There were times when I seemed to believe in the magic mirror and all that I had heard that day. Something in the story itself, but more still in the manner of its narration, had captured my fancy. Morrison's terrible earnestness haunted my mind. That he himself believed there could be no doubt. I dreamed and dreamed that it was true. It did not seem absurd to me then; but rather something infinitely fantastic and somehow horrible. I felt miserable about Morrison; and a continued uneasiness drove me out one day from my chambers to pay my friend a visit in his rooms in Upper Baker Street. It was an April day; the sun, now bright, now obscured by great patches of purple cloud. Showers of fine cold rain fell at intervals. It was cheerless—more cheerless, it seemed to me, than the coldest winter day. The wind rushed down in heavy, uncertain gusts and the ever recurring blotting out of the sun struck a strange chill. As I neared my destination I became aware of a feeling of impending disaster. Once I nearly turned back. I found the house and rang the bell, and as I did so I heard a sound within that struck upon my nerves. It was the noisy sobbing of a woman. The door was opened at last by a pale-faced maid.

"You cannot come in, sir," she said, "there's a dreadful thing has happened this morning."

I asked for Morrison with dry lips.

"He shot himself this morning," said the girl, and burst into tears.

I pushed by her, and entered a room where two people were talking in whispers.

He lay in the corner, covered with a sheet, and close by him was a dark stain on the floor. By the window my eye caught something which glittered with shining particles. I stepped towards it with a sudden impulse. I recognised the little ebony frame, now shattered and broken.

The mirror which it had contained lay in a thousand fragments on the floor.

A Consignment of Zebras from Kilimanjaro, East Africa, Wrecked while en route for the St. Louis Exhibition

This consignment of twenty-eight Zebras from the German taming farm at Mount Kilimanjaro, East Africa, left Mombasa in the ss. *Kurfurst* on April 16. There were some frantic scenes at Mombasa station when the zebras were released from the boxes. The first native who approached a box had his fez cap bitten off and munched into tatters in an instant by a zebra, and the plunging and dashing of the little animals was something to witness. In a few minutes, however, they settled down, and were led quietly through the streets of the town, to all appearances as tame as donkeys. On board ship, when the moon shone at night, they all joined in a sort of melancholy howling, more like the barking of dogs than the neighing of horses, and kept it up for about five minutes at a time. By careful handling they became quite tame during the voyage, and after a while would put out their heads and necks to be caressed by the passengers. Our correspondent who sent us the photograph left the *Kurfurst* at Naples. On the voyage to Hamburg the ship was wrecked, near Sagres, on the coast of Portugal, and is a total loss. The cargo of zebras were intended for the St. Louis Exhibition. According to one report, some of the zebras were saved

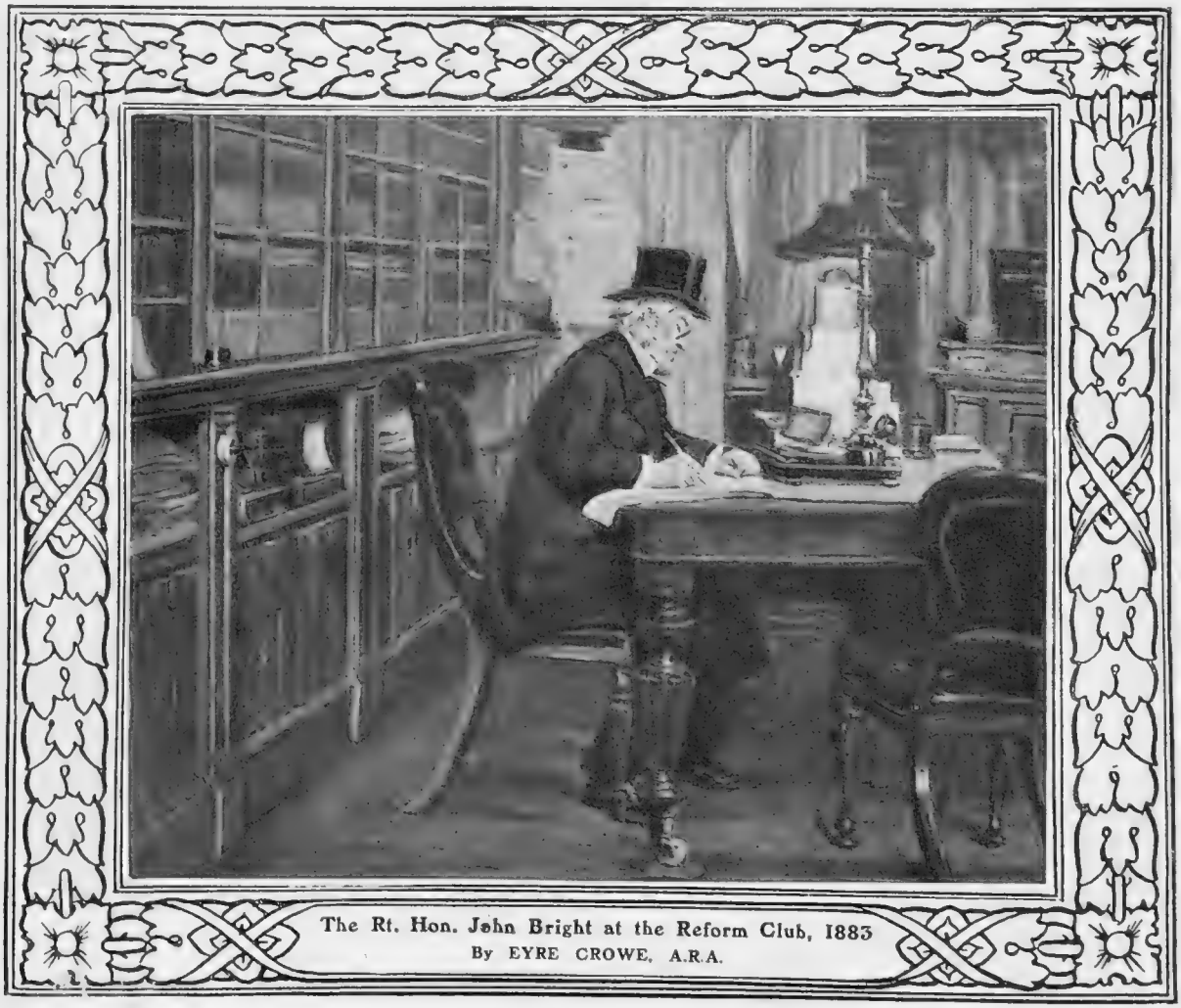
Academy Pictures

(Third Supplement)

George II. Knighting Trooper Brown of the 3rd Dragoons on the Battlefield of Dettingen

Trooper Brown was knighted for the following gallant action. With bridle-hand disabled by the loss of two fingers, having been carried by his runaway horse through the French lines, he there re-captured the standard of his regiment and fought his way back single-handed

By JAMES P. BEADLE



The Rt. Hon. John Bright at the Reform Club, 1883

By EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

The Land of the Rising Sun; Fuji-Yama from Above Hakone

The End of the Vintage: Rhone Valley

TWO PICTURES BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

Pomona's Blossom

BY G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD

The Return of the Privateers

BY J. L. WIMBUSH

The Old-Time Hospitality of St. Cross

By H. C. SHELLEY

For these seven hundred years one day has been the same as any other at St. Cross. In that long span of time empires have grown and decayed, but their coming or their passing made no stir in the peaceful life of these time-stained cloisters. Since the twelfth century, when Bishop Henry de Blois reared his monastic almshouse amid the green fields by the side of the river Itchen, there has been no change at St. Cross, and the brethren, in their accomplishment of the "daily round, the common task" in the reign of King Edward VII., perpetuate the life of their predecessors in the reign of King Stephen.

It is a trite remark that the monks of the olden time knew where to pitch their tents—a remark which is supported by the natural setting of every ancient abbey in England. Renunciation of the world, apparently, was not deemed inconsistent with the selection of the most picturesque spot possible in which to endure that renunciation! True, St. Cross is not exactly a monastery, but its original foundation approached near enough to that class of religious establishment to warrant Henry de Blois selecting a site for his buildings on the monkish principle of tempering one's renunciation of the world as far as possible. And what a site it is! At the foot of St. Catherine's Hill, about a mile from Winchester, the placid Itchen has moistened a little valley into a verdant paradise, and here, amid bosky trees, with their roots deep buried under velvety sward, Henry de Blois built his Hospital of St. Cross.

Not all the honour of St. Cross belongs to Henry de Blois. Three centuries after the first foundation was made, Cardinal Beaufort added to its wealth, and to the present day there is a distinction between Henry de Blois brethren and Beaufort brethren. The distinction, however, practically resolves itself into one of dress, for while the pensioners of St. Cross are attired in a long black gown, whose sole ornament is that of a silver cross on the left breast, the Beaufort

The Beaufort Tower

Founded by Bishop Henry de Blois in the twelfth century, St. Cross, three centuries later, received a splendid grant from Cardinal Beaufort, in memory of whom the Tower was named

Serving the Dole of Bread and Beer
For seven centuries the hungry and thirsty have called at St. Cross, never once to be sent empty away

The Church
The oldest portions of the church were erected in the twelfth century

brethren are resplendent in a red robe embroidered with a Cardinal's hat and tassels. The two foundations conjointly provide a peaceful old-age haven for seventeen brethren, who, with their delightful little homes, their well-tended gardens, their daily dinner from the common hall, and their modest income of hard cash, provide the statesman with ideal examples of an old-age pension state.

Under the Beaufort Tower, which ensures lasting memory of at least one of the founder's names is

The Homes of the Brethren
The two foundations conjointly provide a haven for seventeen brethren. The well-kept homes and trim lawns testify to the industry of the old pensioners

situated the porter's lodge, and in that lodge the visitor finds the raw materials by which St. Cross maintains its most interesting survival of the past. Those raw materials are a barrel of beer and a loaf of bread. No one knocks in vain at the door of St. Cross. It is a picturesque and irritating legend of history that in the good old times every great house of England kept open table, whereat the hungry wayfarer was certain of a welcome and a meal. Perhaps that picture is a pleasing generalisation of the historic imagination, but St. Cross can claim to furnish concrete proof of its truth in at least one case. For seven centuries the hungry and thirsty have never called here to be sent empty away, and hence, even in this era of enlightenment, when every pauper may have his night's rest and a meal in exchange for labour, there is still one hospitable shelter in England which keeps its continuity with the past by giving every caller a horn of beer and a slice of bread for nothing.

Of course there are many people who drink the beer and eat the bread of St. Cross without having any pressing necessity for either. His Majesty the King, for example, and several other members of the Royal family, are among the notable visitors to this almshouse of a far-off time, and the silver-mounted cups and the wooden platter which served the usual dole to those august personages are among the sights of St. Cross. But they are more than sights, for the ordinary visitor is privileged to have his dole handed out in the same cup and on the same platter. Still, a certain distinction is made between the callers at St Cross. For the use of the tramp there is a larger horn, innocent of silver mountings, and with that longer draught of ale ; ed a portion of bread in keeping therewith.

One of the Henry de Blois Brethren

The distinction between the two classes of pensioners is purely one of dress. The Beaufort Brethren are more gorgeously arrayed in a red robe embroidered with a cardinal's hat and tassels

Among the show buildings of St. Cross are the old kitchen, the dining-hall, and the church. Time has stood still in that kitchen as well as elsewhere in this mediæval retreat. All the appliances for cooking are of a long-past time, and would strike the twentieth-century *chef* as little better than relics of a barbaric age. In the dining-hall it is still the past rather than the present which is in evidence—the black leathern jacks, the candlesticks, the salt-cellars, the pewter dishes, and the dinner-bell, all dating from the fifteenth century. The church, too, is of venerable age, its oldest portions having been reared in the twelfth century.

In wandering round the cloisters of this old-world haven, which give witness so mutely of an age so different from our own, the memory naturally recalls that prose poem, in which Ruskin has so subtly analysed the charm of such buildings :

> The greatest glory of a building is not in its stones nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional characters of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations : it is in that golden stain of time that we are to look for the real light and colour and preciousness of architecture ; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life.

Ringing the Dinner Bell at St. Cross

The Summons to Dinner is Promptly Answered by the Brethren

SHORT STORY

CYNTHIA'S LOST ILLUSION

By JOHN ADAIR

"I cannot see what all the fuss is about," said Cynthia.

"You are perfectly insane," retorted her mother with asperity, "it's a horrible affair."

"Because he happens to be a groom and I the daughter of a peer, you say we are unsuited. Why was I then brought up to admire the very things he excels in?"

"You are incorrigible, Cynthia," said Lady Pomeroy, "I can do nothing with you. I shall ask Sir Peter, as your trustee, to speak to you. Meantime, Slaney"—her ladyship pronounced the name with disgust—"has been dismissed with a month's wages in lieu of notice."

"Very well, mother," replied Cynthia imperturbably, "I have plenty of money for the pair of us. As for Sir Peter, he is a modern Falstaff, and it won't make the slightest difference to me what he chooses to think or say."

Lady Pomeroy felt it was hopeless to argue further with her misguided young daughter. She fired, however, one final Parthian shot.

"The man is a common groom. Handsome, I do not deny, but he is not a gentleman, and never can be."

"What constitutes a gentleman?" said Cynthia loftily.

"A gentleman?" Her ladyship rose from the chair and made her way to the door. "A gentleman," she repeated, pausing at the threshold, "is everything the groom is not!"

Cynthia watched her mother's departure with an amused smile.

"Everything he is not! Yet he is manly, courageous, and gentle. He has no airs and affectations, and does not pretend to be other than he is. If a gentleman is the reverse of this I'd rather not marry a gentleman."

Cynthia's brother, now a noble lord, who is related to half the peerage and rejoices in holding a minor position in the Ministry, was next sent to convert her from the error of her ways.

"If you really mean to marry the man," he said, "of course we can't stop you. You're of age and all that. But it's perfectly scandalous."

"My dear Louis," said Cynthia, "let's talk about something else, for I've quite made up my mind to marry Fred Slaney. You aren't looking well—I suppose Fanny is leading you a dog's life as usual."

"I should be obliged if you would not make unladylike allusions to my wife," retorted Lord Pomeroy "I have not come here to discuss my affairs with you."

is wante[illegible] you've come to discuss *my* domestic arrangements, it's quite fair I should also discuss *yours*. I've heard——"

"I do not care what you have heard," interrupted his lordship, with obvious annoyance. "I came as your brother, to inform you that, of course, if you insist on marrying this groom, you cannot expect my wife to know you."

"That would be a loss," agreed Cynthia, "especially since we hit it off so well together. Yes. . . . I must think over that point."

"You will be ostracised from all decent society," continued her brother, "though I have no doubt you'll be a shining light in the refined companionship of coachmen and stable-boys' wives."

"It is useful to know that," retorted Cynthia, "for, after all, I cannot conceive that their society, can so utterly bore one as the people and their small talk I have had to meet hitherto."

Lord Pomeroy shrugged his shoulders and rose.

"Well, Cynthia," he said, "I am extremely sorry to see you so wrong and misguided. As one older and more experienced I say you will live to regret it. You are ruining your life and bringing a scandal to the family. I know you are wilful and obstinate, but I did not think, in spite of the fact that you are known to be eccentric, you would marry a man——," he paused to think how the sentence could be well rounded off, "a man—ahem—who is not merely beneath you by birth and education, but who is not even remotely approaching to a gentleman."

"What is a gentleman?" Cynthia put in promptly.

"A gentleman? A gentle——"

"Yes. Are you a gentleman?"

Lord Pomeroy faced his sister with a frown of indignation.

"People would, I presume, consider me to answer to the term," he said coldly, "though I dare say I compare unfavourably with your groom."

Cynthia laughed outright.

"It is the most sensible remark you have made yet, Louis," she said, "though it was intended for a sneer. You *do* compare unfavourably with Fred Slaney. He is a sportsman; you are not. He is gentle, and yet most manly. You are neither. You might be a small tradesman, or anything insignificant, to look at you. My man is debonair, tall, handsome, and honourable. He is one of Nature's gentlemen."

But Cynthia stopped: it was useless to proceed. Lord Pomeroy, rendered speechless by disgust—for what disgust can equal that of wounded pride?—had taken his departure.

Cynthia picked up the volume of Byron she had lain down when her brother appeared. "I hope Fred Slaney will appreciate what I am undergoing for him," she thought.

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You cannot defy the conventionalities, however, with impunity, and, before long, Cynthia began to feel the strain of it. Her interview with Sir Peter Cranborne was a somewhat nervous undertaking. Sir Peter is renowned on the Bench as one of the sharpest and most subtle wits, and Cynthia wondered if she would prove a match for him. "My dear Lady Pomeroy," he had said to Cynthia's mother, "I don't look forward to the task you set me. I've set right truculent boys before this, who have wanted to make fools of themselves in matrimonial experiments, but it is my first experience with a girl in the principal part. You never know where to have 'em. Now a boy always has some idea of logic, and you therefore have groundwork to commence on, but a girl's mind has no foundations that I can see."

"But you will try, Sir Peter?"

"Certainly I'll try," said the old cynic, and donning his best war-paint for the occasion, he set forth.

Cynthia's description of Sir Peter was decidedly a libellous one. Stout he is to be sure, but he has not that Bacchanalian appearance one associates with Falstaff. His cheeks are red and pimply, but he is not gouty, and, instead of a shining bald pate, he boasts his honourable grey hairs.

"My dear Miss Cynthia," he ejaculated, bowing as low as his waistband would permit, "What a delightful boudoir! Excellent taste—in all matters. What?"

"I'm glad you think so, Sir Peter," said Cynthia, in her most simple manner.

"After all, it doesn't matter much what I think, eh?" resumed the famous judge, fixing his monocle in his eye, and regarding the defiant young beauty with a roguish air. "It's the young ruffians whose compliments please, eh? I'm not too old to remember my young days yet. What a Don Juan I was to the girls, egad! Penned sonnets to my nursemaid, and had secret rendezvous with the coachman's daughter, whom I vowed to marry. Stolen pleasures are sweet, eh?"

"I don't know, Sir Peter. I don't indulge in them. But may I ask," proceeded Cynthia, with sweet ingenuousness, "why you want to tell me how bad you were as a boy? It's very interesting, but I don't see what it has to do with me."

"Your blushing youth recalls my early days, that is all," replied Sir Peter, unabashed, "and when I think of you, so fair a dream of beauty, with a solid income to boot, egad! I can't think what the young men of the day are up to not to lay siege to you. If only I were forty years younger——"

"The young men *have* laid siege to me, but they are so tiresome. I've never met a young man yet who didn't either want to marry me for my money, or was a perfect dolt—all except the man I do intend to become the wife of."

Sir Peter bowed, and preserved a discreet silence as Cynthia uttered the words with quiet determination.

"The young men of the present day are effeminate, or if they are not effeminate they are coarse," pursued the girl.

"I see," remarked the judge; "there is no *media via*, so to speak?"

"No," continued Cynthia gravely; "and because I adore horses and animals, and because I love poetry and—and philosophy, they find me a bore. I cry ditto. That's the whole history."

"That is why you intend to marry Mr.—er—Slaney, then?" said Sir Peter artlessly; "just to show your male acquaintances your contempt for them?"

"Not at all," exclaimed Cynthia indignantly. "I shouldn't marry a man to show my contempt for others. That would be Quixotic! I love Mr. Slaney."

"Just so, just so. And he? Does he love you?"

"Of course he does!"

"He is very handsome I understand."

"Sir Peter," said Cynthia solemnly, "He is a perfect Apollo."

The judged preserved the gravity of his features: he even sighed sympathetically, only the effect was a trifle lost, for Sir Peter is, as the world knows, somewhat asthmatic.

"Well, my dear young lady, for my part I say marry the man you love if he loves you, even if he be a chimney-sweep."

Cynthia's expression underwent a marvellous change. Her war manner—if one may so term the frigid attitude she assumed when being baited for standing by her choice—was at once discarded. In other words her guard was broken.

"Sir Peter, you are the first person who has shown me an ounce of sympathy," she cried excitedly, "you seem to understand. And you mean it too, don't you?"

"Of course I do. I say let young people marry who they like if they have set their minds on it. I was best man to Buckhurst, the K.C., when he insisted on marrying his cook. Everyone abused me naturally. 'Why did you let him?' they cried. 'It was his affair, not mine,' I explained 'But you encouraged him by being his best man,' they persisted. 'Do you think a man who has the courage to marry his cook would be dissuaded because he couldn't get a friend to be his best man?' That was what I told them."

"It was heroic of him!" exclaimed Cynthia, "and was he happy? But I need not ask. When two people marry absolutely for love they are bound to be."

"That is just the puzzler," said Sir Peter, "the marriage was happy in a way. Buckhurst shows every outward indication of having indulged his epicurean tastes, but they say he only married his cook so as not to lose her services. I don't see what she gained."

"If she was fond of him——"

"Fond? I believe she thought it meant she would be able to stop cooking. It was a great mistake. She had so hard a time, and not even wages, that she ran away from him at last. However, that is neither here nor there."

"Mr. Buckhurst could not have loved her then," said Cynthia disappointedly, "I object to these barriers in love. Why should a girl only be supposed to marry in her own sphere? Love is not an artificial growth: it is natural."

"Exactly. I quite agree with all you say. Now, as regards this Mr. Slaney. He is young, very handsome, a man, I have no doubt, of great char . I can understand you may have lost your heart to him, whe

you compare him with the noodles you have had the fortune to meet. But why does he love you?"

Cynthia was clearly embarrassed.

"I suppose," she said, "he finds me——"

"Well?" said Sir Peter encouragingly.

"I don't really know," confessed Cynthia.

"Nor do I. For your beauty alone? Intellectually you must soar miles above his head, and no man likes that. I suppose your conversation generally has been about horses?"

"Yes, generally."

"Well, no one can continually discuss even horses. If so, what an appalling prospect for you. Horses, mares, foals—horses again *ad nauseam*. My dear Miss Cynthia, what a life of purgatory! Take my advice, and before you decide your fate, try Mr. Slaney with some other subject. Er—by the way—if the marriage does come off, I'll willingly give you away as your trustee—but try my little idea first."

Sir Peter Cranborne left his young *protégée* somewhat abashed, and descended the broad staircase with almost youthful agility. The footman who helped him into his coat heard him mumbling, and thought he was addressing some remarks to him.

"Did you speak, sir?" he asked. "A hansom?"

"Only a few lines from Swain," Sir Peter replied absent-mindedly, and then, recovering himself, added sharply, "No, I'll walk."

He toddled airily down Belgrave Square, his hat perkily on one side, a merry old judge. And the lines he recalled were these:

> In her heart for ever flowing,
> Like a stream of inner life
> Coming without thought and going,
> There were pictures ever rife.
> Paintings of imagination,
> In which earth could take no part,
> All the soaring aspiration
> Of a spiritual heart.

When next Cynthia beheld the man of her choice he was sitting disconsolately in the harness-room, dressed in mufti, his corded box alongside him. A wrinkle on his clear brow betokened not unalloyed thoughts of pleasure. He had a handsome face, and blue eyes with a frank expression, and he was chewing the end of a piece of straw. On seeing Cynthia he stood up; his manner was respectful, though he was obviously ill at ease in her presence.

"I have good news for you, Fred," cried Cynthia. "Sir Peter Cranborne, unlike the members of my prejudiced family, quite approves of my marrying you."

"Does he?" said Slaney wonderingly.

"Yes; he offers to give me away, what's more."

"Sir Peter Cranborne, the jedge?"

Cynthia winced at the word; somehow her talk with Sir Peter had made her more critical. She noticed lines on her Apollo's countenance that led her to think of him some ten years hence. His clothes, too, were ill-fitting, and his collar and tie almost made her shudder. But she threw aside her doubts valiantly.

"Yes, Sir Peter. He says, if there is love on both sides, marry, no matter one's situation in the world. He says if you love me and I love you, that's all that is wanted."

Slaney scratched his head in a puzzled manner.

"I don't know what he's a-drivin' at," he said slowly.

"Look at the people in history," continued Cynthia loftily, "who have married others in different situations and been ideally happy. A king of Sweden married a girl who kept an apple stall. Peter the Great chose the daughter of a peasant. Lots of noble ladies have married quite ordinary people and been happy. I——"

"You don't know any young lady what was an Honourable marryin' her groom do you?" interrupted Slaney.

"I am sure there must have been some if I don't know about them," replied Cynthia desperately.

"You said just now if I loved you and you loved me it was bound to turn out happily," pursued Slaney relentlessly.

"Yes——"

"Suppose I was to say as how I'd made a mistake and found I didn't love you?"

Cynthia began to tremble.

"No, miss, I'm very sorry for what has happened. It's cost me my place, and I own I richly deserve it should. My mates, even, won't hold no converse with me, thinkin' I've aspired to be too big for my shoes——"

"But it's preposterous!" exclaimed Cynthia, "there's no law in Heaven or on earth to force a man or a woman to remain in the position they were born in. You are a groom, but you are far more of a gentleman in your ideas than many who suppose themselves to be gentlemen. Why," she added indignantly and beginning to weep, "No one can even tell me what a gentleman is!"

Slaney waited patiently till Cynthia had finished.

"If they can't tell you what a gentleman is," he said, "I can tell you of one what isn't. I ain't, and I don't pretend to be. I've had no schoolin' or upbringin' except in the stable yard. The fact is, Miss, I got beyond myself, and it serves me right I've got the sack."

Cynthia was weeping copiously now.

"I was flattered," proceeded Slaney, "at a young lady of your looks and position takin' notice of her groom. As for you, I don't blame you, if I may be so bold as to say so, at all. You've a generous heart and a romantic disposition, and I ought not to have taken any notice."

"Someone has put you up to this," sobbed Cynthia.

"Not a soul, miss, pardon me. I've been thinkin' it over seriously, and in any case I'd made up my mind to tell you straight. I couldn't be no more happy with you than you could be with me. We don't think along the same lines, and that's the simple truth. Why . . . . with your poems and your books, which you're always spoutin', you'd drive me crazy inside of a week. . . . Good-bye, miss, and I'm humbly sorry for the trouble I've brought you into. . . ."

For some time Cynthia, her face buried in her handkerchief, remained there sobbing. When she looked up she was alone. Even the corded box was gone.

. . . . . .

Cynthia realises now that illusions are very charming in their way, but they cannot be brought to a practical conclusion.

"LA TRANSATLANTIQUE"

THE FRENCH VERSION OF THE CAKE WALK WHICH IS JUST NOW THE RAGE IN PARIS.

IN CAMP WITH THE HERTS IMPERIAL YEOMANRY

In these days, nervous excitement appears to be the ruling factor in Army matters. The powers that be, harassed by an indignant public, take refuge in change. Change is the *deus ex machina*, and works its destroying miracles alike among Army Corps and Army caps. Amid this hurly burly of ever-shifting values, the Yeomanry have been suffered to remain a constant factor since the days when their fine work in the war raised them to such a prominent rank among the Auxiliary Forces. Already this force of volunteers has exchanged the button stick for the currycomb. The old annual training of the Yeomanry was a saturnalia of gorgeous equipments, pompous parades, and indigestible banquets, at which the mayor of the local town referred to "England's heroes." This species of training combined the maximum of display with the minimum of efficiency. Now the training is carried out under strict, active service conditions. Life in a modern camp is ordered after the rough and ready conditions which obtained in the old days on the veldt. Our illustrations show the Herts Yeomanry in camp at Great Berkhampstead Park, the property of Lord Brownlow, The Park is an ideal site for a camp, the grounds being hilly and well-drained. The cooking and messing arrangements are all carried out in camp, while Colonel the Earl of Essex, in command, and his staff, fulfil yet another condition of active service by living in camp with the men.

The Camp in Great Berkhampstead Park

Colonel the Earl of Essex (in Command) and Lord Chesham

Newman

A Section in Parade Order

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"How We Recovered the Ashes." By P. F. Warner, Captain of the M.C.C. Team. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Africa from South to North, through Marotseland." By Major A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S. An illustrated account of the author's expedition through Darkest Africa, organised during 1898 in the interests of Imperial development and geographical research. Two vols. (Lane: 32*s.* net.)

"With the Inniskilling Dragoons. The Record of a Cavalry Regiment during the Boer War, 1899-1902. By Lieut.-Colonel J. Watkins Yardley, late Inniskillings. Illustrated. (Longmans.)

NEW FICTION

"Lychgate Hall: a Romance." By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"Olive Latham." By Mrs. E. L. Voynich, author of "The Gadfly." (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"Nyria." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

Dollars and Democracy—with the Accent on the Former

"Dollars and Democracy." By Sir Philip Burne-Jones. Appleton. (London: 1904.)

"Dollars and Democracy" is the title of Sir Philip Burne-Jones's little book, wherein he sets forth his impressions of the United States; but if this title is meant to express the chief elements which have come to the making of all that is contained in the word "American," one is tempted to wonder, after reading the book, why it was not simplified by leaving out the second and third words. For democracy in the States is a democracy tempered by the dollar. It is quite true that in the daily intercourse of men, social distinctions are reduced to a minimum; and the following incident is typical:

I remember, shortly after my arrival, asking the way of a Boston cabman. The man got down from his box, and, patting me familiarly on the back, said, "Look here, my good man, you walk along there," etc., pointing in the direction I should go.

This feeling of general equality culminates, thinks Sir Philip, in

The extraordinary aversion which the free-born American citizen, however lowly, evinces toward anything connected with the cleaning of boots and shoes. . . . It is invariably an Italian or Irishman, or other base-born foreigner, who officiates in the menial capacity of boot-black.

But there is another side to this "democracy"; in the American household it is among the womenkind that the "head of the family" is to be found, consequently, conditions must be arranged which render possible the Great Game called "Getting into Society," and in America the score is reckoned in dollars:

It is all so like a burlesque of our own London "society." There are *grandes dames* without dignity or repose, fashionable young men without distinction, and it is all very natural that this should be so in a "Society" which has been playing the game so very short a time.

The author sums up the situation by terming it society, "which might be spelt with a big $." The author's interview with one of the members of this "smart set" is amusing:

"You're an Englishman, aren't you? I don't like Englishmen!" These were the first words with which she greeted me after my formal presentation. "I hope you don't expect me to grovel before you," she added amiably; and, having put me perfectly at my ease by these tactful remarks, she proceeded to relate how she had once met another Englishman—some peer's son—at a dance somewhere, and how she had told him that he knew nothing of dancing, and, according to her own account, had been deliberately and systematically discourteous to him the whole evening, simply on the ground of his nationality.

In due fairness to the author and his hosts, it must be mentioned that he speaks warmly in praise of the hospitality shown him wherever he went. The hospitality often reaches extraordinary limits; on one occasion, when the author was leaving a house where he had been staying, he found that his host had already arranged at the booking-office for his ticket. At the same house an amusing incident occurred in connection with a negro servant named Thompson:

At breakfast one morning, Thompson urged me to take shares in a company for rebuilding a Baptist church somewhere that he was interested in. I understood that the investment would be on commercial lines, and that I should lose nothing by the transaction. I accordingly purchased one share—which was the least I could honourably do—and was duly presented by my dusky friend with a receipt. Upon examining it, I found the following quaint inscription: "This certifies that I have purchased one share in the —— Baptist Church, issued for the purpose of enlarging the building. Dividends and principal will be paid in heaven."

And yet the author foretells that the black man will go to the wall!

The only institution with which the author shows any real displeasure is the yellow press, particularly in Chicago, with which he had several skirmishes:

Before leaving Chicago an interviewer from some newspaper requested to see me. There had been a large fancy dress bazaar a day or two before, and he brought with him a bundle of photographs of ladies who had taken part in it. He wanted my opinion as to which I thought the most attractive co
I replied that I absolutely refused to discuss with hi
in Chicago. I expressed no opinion whatever o
graphs, and he thanked me and withdrew. T
took place on the occasion. The next day a full

of a young lady in fancy costume appeared in one of the principal papers. Above it was printed in big type "Miss ——, given the beauty prize by Burne-Jones," and underneath, "English artist says Mrs. ——'s niece is Chicago's handsomest woman." To my knowledge I had never even seen the lady in question (whose full name, by the way, was given), and I certainly never mentioned her to a newspaper reporter.

Among other cities, Sir Philip visited Boston, the proverbial home of American "culture," and relates the old, yet nevertheless typical joke at its expense. "A New York girl meets a Boston girl and asks her, 'Do you know ping-pong?' The Boston girl replies, 'No, who wrote it?'" Apropos of that ineffable atrocity in the way of games, which the English nation has happily outlived, it is distressing to read that, "even the big clubs corresponding to our Travellers', or Oxford and Cambridge, have a room set apart for ping-pong."

With regard to New York, besides the fearful wear and tear of city life, the author seems to have been most struck, as indeed are the majority of visitors, by the skyscraper:

> Having built the framework, they put in the floors of fireproof tile in quite a haphazard fashion, long before they trouble about the walls. You can see the floorings of half-a-dozen stories a hundred feet above you in the air, like the section of a gigantic doll's house, while the building is in course of construction. One day it suddenly occurs to them to put in a few walls—perhaps they'll begin with one fifty feet from the ground—and they will run up quite a number in a few hours, as inclination dictates. They then whiten this sepulchre with a thin veneer of stone, and New York is richer by one more skyscraper. . . . . Towering far above the steeples, these houses of business reduce to insignificance the houses of worship. Can it be that they are a silent comment by the modern American man of affairs on the relative importance which he attaches to the worship of God and Mammon?

On the whole, it is a brightly written and entertaining little book; it is illustrated by pen-and-ink thumbnail sketches, which are at least full of character. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

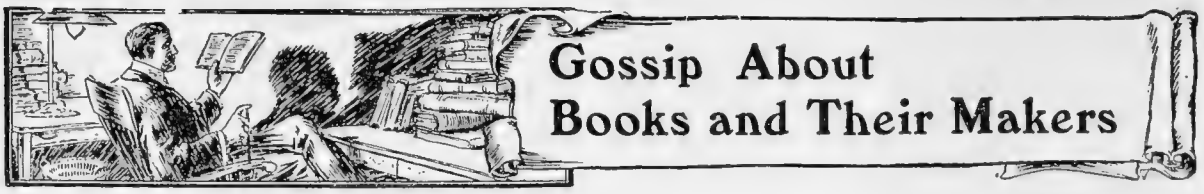
The minor poet has reason to rejoice, for his path is to be made smoother by a "Rhymer's Lexicon," which promises to provide him, for the first time, with a really scientific study of terminal sounds. Hitherto he has had to content himself either with the "Rules of Rhyme" of the younger Tom Hood, or John Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary," and the demand for these, though both are very old, is said to be surprisingly large. The machine-made poet will have something like 50,000 words to play with in the new dictionary, which has been compiled and edited by Mr. Andrew Loring. Professor Saintsbury has furnished it with an essay on the technical laws of versification, and it will be published by Messrs. Routledge.

"The Fool-Killer" is the title of a new society novel by "Lucas Cleeve," who, as the daughter of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and wife of Colonel Howard Kingscote, is one of the authors of society fiction who can write from inside knowledge—a qualification obviously lacking in some of our novelists of the fashionable world. In her new book "Lucas Cleeve" tells how Lady Marchmont, a widow who marries a man much younger than herself, cannot shake off the memories of an old love, and how she is led to a tragic act of self-sacrifice, which after all proves futile. One feature of the book is the contrast which the author draws between English and American temperaments. Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish the novel.

Lady Amherst of Hackney's book, "A Sketch of Egyptian History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day"—already referred to in these columns—will be published by Messrs. Methuen to-morrow. In the course of many visits to the Nile, Lady Amherst has gained a valuable first-hand knowledge of the country, and understands exactly the kind of book needed by intending travellers who have neither time nor the inclination to consult the many often monumental works on the subject. book which she has attempted to provide. us illustrations, some of them in colour.

What Lady Amherst of Hackney has done for Egypt, Dr. F. L. Hawks Pott, President of St. John's College, Shanghai, has just done for China. There is no lack at the present time of larger histories of China, and also of monographs treating fully of some one period, but there is room for a concise history accentuating the turning points in the life of the nation. Hence Dr. Pott's "Sketch of Chinese History," which Mr. Fisher Unwin will probably publish next month. Another book about the Celestial Empire is coming from the same publisher shortly—"China's Business Methods and Policy," by Mr. T. R. Jernigan, ex-Consul-General of the United States at Shanghai. The author's aim in this work has been to find some of the elementary principles which influence commercial and social China, and to present them without unneecssary detail.

A book which has a special interest for intending visitors to the St. Louis Exhibition is shortly to be published over here by Messrs. Putnam. This is the famous narrative of the Lewis and Clark expedition, undertaken in 1804—the year after Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States—printed with an account of a new journey over the old trail, to show the marvellous development which has taken place during the past hundred years. Captains Lewis and Grant entered the Missouri in May, 1804, and it was about three years later, after travelling over 9,000 miles, that they reached St. Louis on their return. St. Louis was then only an outpost for fur trading, and the native American-Indians, with a few pioneers, were the only people they met. "The Trail of Lewis and Clark" is the great epic story of their expedition, and well worth reading in connection with the Louisiana centenary. The description of the trail at the present time is by Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, author of "Six Thousand Miles Through Wonderland." *Scribner's* for June, by the way, will include some further personal records of the Lewis and Clark expedition, hitherto unknown.



Poe ry and—

That mythical monster, the Sea Serpent, who used to furnish forth most attractive "copy" in duller days than these, has so long disappeared from the pages of the Press that I f ar he may pass into oblivion! Not a word of him have I seen for years; and what have we in his place? "Is poetry no longer popular?" This abstract question seems to have displaced the poor old Sea Serpent; for it is regularly cropping up in all kinds of journals, from the *Times* to the *Seven Dials Gazette*. Mr. J. M. Bulloch has just been touching upon it in an American magazine, where he records the opinion of a leading publisher to the effect that:

"Women, who undoubtedly read poetry more than men, nowadays have much less spare time than was the case a generation ago, and moreover the training to-day is far less sentimental than it used to be.

I do not agree that women "read poetry more than men"; a good part of their time, however busy they may be, is spent in "reading" men. One has only to edit a magazine for a few months to realise how much spare time women folk have, and how many of them not only read poetry, but try, alas, to write it. Personally, I do not believe that there is any marked falling off in the taste for poetry; countless editions of the standard poets are in circulation, and when we remember that for scores of years publishers have been pouring on to the market Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Burns, Tennyson, and the rest, literally by the ton, it is obvious that the supply must grow to be in time more than equal to the demand, though the mass of readers who appreciate good poetry may be infinitely greater than in any past generation.

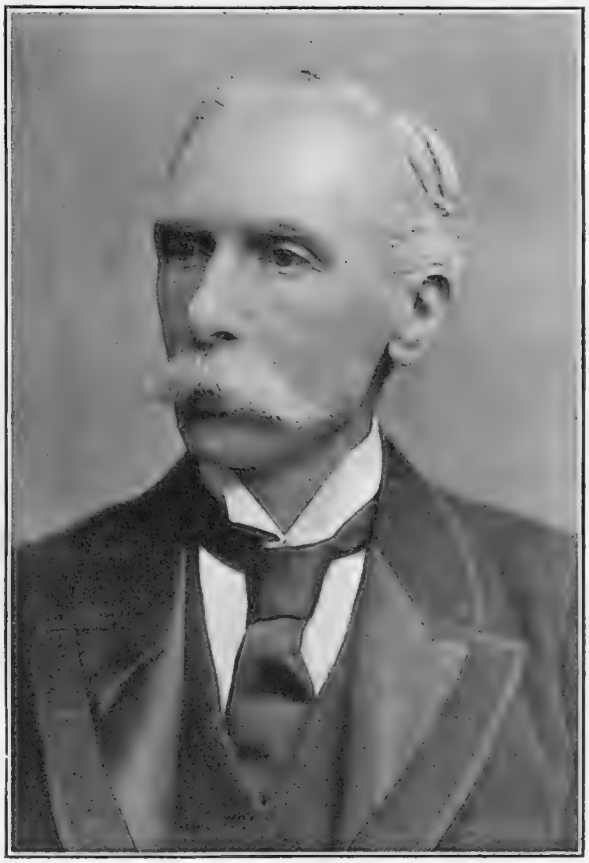


Photo by] The Poet Laureate [*Russell*

The Poet Laureate

Among those who have been bewailing the supposed decrease in the taste for poetry is Mr. Alfred Austin. Certain writers who know the Poet Laureate personally tell us that he is somewhat deficient in humour, and I confess that some slight acquaintance with his writings, both in prose and verse, encourages this suspicion; but, like many who are not themselves humorous, Mr. Austin has the faculty of arousing humour in others. When we behold the author of that immortal lyric beginning "Wrong? Is it wrong?" lecturing on "The Growing Distaste for the Higher Kinds of Poetry," we are dangerously inclined to hilarity. Perhaps the fact that Mr. Austin wears the official bays is not unconnected with this current delusion as to the waning of the taste for "the higher kinds of poetry," and the popularity of such journalistic jingles as Mr. Kipling, in his decadence, is turning out at several pounds per line, may also have something to do with it. I am thus frank towards Mr. Austin, although my purpose is to congratulate him on the approach of his birthday, which falls on Monday next, when he will have attained the age of sixty-nine; for I remember that among his personal characteristics we are assured that candour is prominent. "My dear friend, your niece is deteriorating," he observed to a lady one day. "All her charm is gone." Let us be frank, with so excellent an example before us! But Mr. Austin is serene in the face of much criticism. His prose works, which contain many passages of great descriptive beauty embedded within the dullest dialogue ever written, have frequent allusions to literary fame. "A man's reputation," says the Poet in "Haunts of Ancient Peace," "if he deserves one, is invariably made for him by his enemies." "I am entirely of that opinion," said the literary host. "He is decried into consideration and belittled into fame. So it ever was, so it ever will be." Again, "the history of Literary Criticism is an almost undeviating record of discredited judgments, futile ill-nature, and falsified predictions." If our Poet Laureate has often been damned by faint praise, and occasionally praised by faint damn, he is certainly not without authority in his assertion that a man may be "belittled into fame."

The Trials of Fame

Our American cousins are truly preposterous. Th[illegible]ty to display an intere[illegible] culture would be pathetic were it no[illegible]

The vulgar mobbing of the unhappy old woman who has been identified as the original of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is quite of a piece with the antics Americans have taught us to expect from them. There is no great harm done when they cluster in gaping groups around their favourite writers; as it is, perhaps, no bad guess to suppose that literary lions liked to be stared at—did not Mr. Kipling, in his search for a quiet neighbourhood, bury himself in the most conspicuous house at Rottingdean to avoid the attentions of the thousands of excursionists who find their way there every year, and has not Miss Corelli hidden herself away in that obscure and little-known town where one called Shakespeare used to live? But folks who write books differ radically in temperament from the folk they write about, and I rejoice that the real Mrs. Wiggs has soused with real water the real idiots who came trampling in her cabbage patch.

Tolstoy and the Yankee

This incident reminds me of a famous pilgrimage undertaken by some perfervid Yankees to the home of Tolstoy, who is among the few authors indifferent to popular applause. Most unwillingly, and only in the hope of getting rid of his pertinacious pilgrims, Tolstoy showed himself on the balcony of his house for a moment, but the moment was sufficient for a lady to endeavour to quote one of the sage's finest phrases. She failed to remember it, however, so Tolstoy helped her by asking if it was so-and-so. "Yes, that is the phrase, and oh, how grand to hear it from the lips of him who wrote it!" "Well," retorted Tolstoy, "Goethe wrote that."

Photo by *Russell*

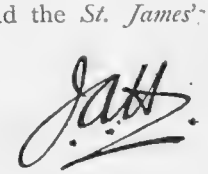
Mr. John Foster Fraser

Odd Things in Novels

I am reading with much pleasure the new series of "Idle Thoughts," by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, now appearing serially. It is a matter for congratulation that despite his brilliant success in serious fiction, with "Paul Kelver," Mr. Jerome still continues to mine from that rich lode of humour which he struck some fifteen years ago. His description of the wonderful things that can be done in novels is [illegible] amusing and not greatly exaggerated. If [illegible] time to collect and chronicle the extravags that happen in fiction, a very entertaining article would be the result. In a novel by perhaps the most widely circulated novelist of our day a horse racing episode was introduced, in which the author described how the horse was weighed. When it was pointed out to him that as a rule it is the jockey who undergoes this operation and not his mount, the novelist explained that he was in the habit of leaving little details like that to the printer's reader, who, on this occasion, had evidently played him false.

The Energy of Youth

A salutary lesson might be provided for the ambitious youths who aspire to journalism, by giving detailed accounts of the strenuous lives of some of our younger men who have won their way to the front. Those outside of Fleet Street can hardly imagine how much energy goes to the winning of success in journalism. I notice that Mr. John Foster Fraser has just reached his journalistic majority, and in the twenty-one years during which he has been "forging ahead" he has accomplished a mass of work that would dismay many a young man ambitious of success. His famous cycling journey round the world was an undertaking which yielded him an intimate knowledge of men and cities such as few living journalists have ever acquired. Excellent good use he has made of his many and arduous travel experiences, and the remarkable success of his two latest books, "The Real Siberia," and "America at Work," the former of which is now in its sixteenth edition, and the latter in its eleventh, proves that there is still a ready demand for works of travel when these are written by one who has the seeing eye and the gift of vivid description. Although a veritable veteran in vagabonding, Mr. Fraser is still, to all appearance, and, indeed, by virtue of his birth certificate, well in the ranks of our young men, having been born at Edinburgh on June 13, 1868. He is very popular as a lecturer, and contrives to write numerous magazine articles and stories, as well as to provide graphic pen pictures of affairs in Parliament for the *Yorkshire Post* and the *St. James' Gazette*. Truly, hard labour is the portion of the successful journalist in these days of fierce competition.



The Play in London

Glorious "Cynthia"

A very distinguished house assembled last Monday to greet Miss Ethel Barrymore in Mr. Henry Hubert Davies's play, *Cynthia*. The play was sympathetically received, and at the close of each act the curtain was raised again and again. Possibly *Cynthia* will not please the critic who expects every play to unravel a melodramatic plot, but, as a piece of satire, *Cynthia* is hard to beat. Miss Barrymore was obviously very nervous on the first night, but her performance was really quite remarkable. Mr. Gerald du Maurier, as her adoring husband, acted most brilliantly. Indeed, *Cynthia* is not only a marvellously clever piece of literary work, but it is, without exception, acted splendidly. We can heartily recommend our readers in need of mental refreshment to visit Wyndham's, for the scintillating wi. of *Cynthia* will act as a tonic to the most jaded nerves.

The Prince of Pilsen

The American chorus girl has once more burst upon the town in *The Prince of Pilsen* at the Shaftesbury. We were told she was coming. Presumably the promoters of the entertainment were afraid that the unobtrusive shyness which she carries almost to a fault would have prevented her attracting her due share of attention, and so the arrival of *The Prince of Pilsen* bevies (American chorus girls always move in bevies—it gives them confidence) was announced in all the morning and evening papers, and almost crowded out the war news and the Sievier case. First we were told they were in Liverpool, then we heard the glad news that they were in London, and at last, on Saturday night, we saw something of them. Indeed, we may be said to have seen a good deal of them for the general level of costume—that is to say, the costumes—was even more exiguous and economical of material than is habitual in musical comedy. As the entire entertainment is tedious to the extreme, there was certainly a good deal of wisdom in this instance in giving the modest, retiring chorus girl as much publicity as possible. For in *The Prince of Pilsen* the chorus girl is the Alpha and the Omega.

A Strident Chorus

Assisted by a band which plays very loud and all the time, the chorus works with an almost ferocious energy to prevent the audience confessing to boredom. If they leave the stage for a moment (which they rarely do), and you manage to relax your features into the beginning of a comfortable yawn, they pounce upon you again in a trice, and all their combined energy seems to be directed into intimidating you into thinking you are pleased. The unanimous swish of their scanty skirts, the engaging persistence of their vigorous smile, the whole of their individually and collectively intrusive and rather strident personalities are more than the weak nerves of the poor Englishman can stand. He succumbs at once, and, at the end of the performance, deafened and subdued, he goes home with a hopeless consciousness of having spent a happy evening. The chorus in *The Prince of Pilsen* certainly deserve the unusual distinction of having upwards of forty of their names given individually upon the programme, and perhaps it is a slight relief to turn from the inane performance on the s age and try to unravel the mysteries of the programme.

Saloon Bar Slang

As might be expected from an author whose progress up the slopes of Parnassus has been marked hi herto by the composition of the lyrics of the songs sung by Miss Marie Lloyd, *The Money Makers*, a farce by Mr. George Rollit, produced at the Royalty last week, shows a pretty wide acquaintance with the slang of what is generally called the racing stable, but what is actually the saloon bar of the public house, where resort the racing men who have never seen a horse. The idea of the piece is amusing, and it is carried out with plenty of spirited writing and sense of theatrical effect, especially in the second, and of course, farcically, most important of its three acts. Two young ladies, anxious to make money quickly, are advised by the parlourmaid, who has a sporting sweetheart, to set up as racing tipsters. Their enterprise is attended with a surprisingly immediate success, and the room is piled with the five-shilling postal orders of the credulous. They begin by spending their gains with a touching joy in the cheapness of everything, but, of course, they have made a mistake which draws down upon them, first the indignant reproaches of their many clients, and ultimately the full force of the law. A Scotch uncle, who turns up unexpectedly, and is mistaken for the fraudulent racing prophet, adds to the absurdity of the situation, which is maintained with a good deal of ingenuity and skill, to the evident amusement of the first night's audience. Mr. Mark Kinghorne and Miss Claire Romaine contributed most of the humours of the interpretation, while Miss Mary Griffiths was admirable in the minor part of a plaintive housekeeper.

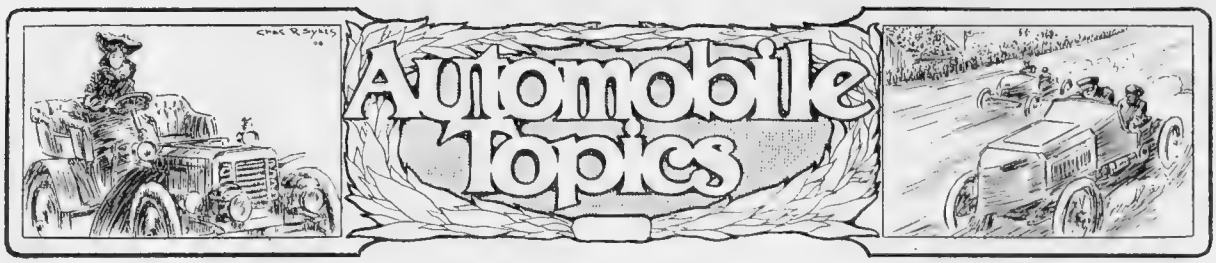
Forthcoming Productions

The next two weeks are to be full of new theatrical productions. Mr. J. H. Leigh's revival of *Timon of Athens* at the Court, and Mr. George Edwardes's production at the Apollo, of an English version of Messager's most dainty and tuneful opera, *Véronique*, are to be followed next week by a new play at the Haymarket, an adaptation from the French, called *Lady Flirt*, in which the chief parts will be taken by Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Fred Kerr, Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Madge Titheradge. This young lady, the daughter of that excellent actor, Mr. G. S. Titheradge, has hitherto been known principally as a dancer in Mr. Arthur Bourchier's Christmas plays at the Garrick. Si[illegible]s been entrusted, however, with an import[illegible] the Haymarket management, and as sh[illegible] in her teens the *début* ought certainly to

Lallie Charles

Miss Jessie Bateman

he Sunniest of English Girls on the Stage, and now most Appropriately Playing the Good Fairy in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's play at the Garrick Theatre



Inconsiderate Driving

Nothing that has appeared in the *Automobile Club Journal* since that periodical was established, is of such importance to the general public as a report just issued of a special meeting of the Club's new committee held to debate the question of inconsiderate driving. Since its first appearance, THE BYSTANDER, so far as these pages are concerned, has endeavoured to suggest that the motor-car of to-day may be considered as an article of practical utility, possessing great potentialities as compared with any horse-drawn vehicle, and likely, in this connection, to be of considerably real service to the community at large. So far, the whole movement has been overshadowed and obsessed by the speed aspect of the matter alone, and although the feeling of nearly all decent people has been outraged by the abominable behaviour on the public roads of individuals in motor-cars, who appear to have been endowed with more money than manners, yet the Automobile Club made no pronouncement on the matter, and, as far as its official organ was concerned, seemed filled with anguish at the bare idea of there being any speed limit at all. Parliament, however, with its wonted common sense, intervened, put the scorcher in his place, and threatened that if he could not promptly mend his ways, in three years' time some really coercive legislation might be introduced in order to compel him to observe an appropriate social demeanour on the highways.

Signs of Sanity

But on the 26th ultimo, at 6 p.m. of the clock, the cold tap of common sense was turned on by the new committee, and after some desultory talk, the following admirable resolution, moved by Mr. Claud Johnson, was carried unanimously:

(1) That, in order that the Club Committee may be in an unimpeachable position to take steps in regard to the inconsiderate driving of tourist cars, it is necessary that they should discourage in every possible way the use on the public highways of the United Kingdom of cars designed to travel at excessive speeds.

No. 2, as amended by Mr. O'Gorman, was also carried unanimously:

(2) That, as we are agreed to take steps to discourage inconsiderate driving, this Committee requests the Club Committee to approach the foreign Clubs with a view to improving the conditions of racing.

Mr. Johnson then moved Nos. 3 and 4, which were carried unanimously:

(3) That the Races Committee and Industrial Committee combined be requested to immediately prepare conditions for an International Race which shall be a test of durability and trustworthiness, and especially of efficiency, in which, for instance, the cars and their load shall not weigh less than a certain minimum weight (so as to provide a proper margin of safety), and in which, by limitation of fuel or other conditions, any except very moderate speed shall be made impossible, thus avoiding unnecessary risk to drivers, and at the same time tending to increase the efficiency of touring and commercial vehicles.

(4) That, when the conditions have been approved by the Club Committee, an endeavour shall be made—if possible, before this year's Race for the Gordon Bennett Cup—to induce the other Clubs and Mr. Gordon Bennett to agree that these or similar conditions shall in future govern the Race for the Gordon Bennett Cup in 1905 and subsequently.

Lord Dalmeny Driving to a Cricket Match in his Motor-car

Lord Dalmeny, the Earl of Rosebery's eldest son, has been playing for Surrey this year. When the matches are near home his Lordship, who is an expert motorist, drives his car to the ground

Anti-Gordon Bennett

Now, if all this means anything at all, it would almost appear to signify that the ridiculous performing of feats against the clock with motor-cars, which has heretofore been dignified by the name of "racing," has pretty nearly petered out. The public are sick to death of the inconsiderate driving engendered by such insane competitions, and their indignation has been expressed so forcibly by the lay Press that the Automobile Club has been induced to reconsider its view

committee in order to attend to the whole matter, which has been promptly done.

"Resolution" at Last

Nor is this all. The Club as a whole evidently desire to make the *amende honorable* as complete as possible, and now, desiring to dissociate themselves from the vulgar wretches who so often disgrace our roads, have circularised the Press to the effect that "they *resolutely* set their face against motor-cars being driven to the danger or even to the annoyance of the public," whom they actually invite to "draw attention by letter to flagrant offences by motor drivers against the laws of etiquette and good feeling," especially in driving past other vehicles, cyclists or pedestrians "at such an immoderate speed as to cause unnecessary inconvenience or vexation by dust or mud." Members who do these unrighteous acts they very sensibly threaten to expel. The example thus set will doubtless be of great assistance towards an improvement in the amenities of the road, and those who have the real interest of the movement at heart cannot be too thankful for it. An occasional sprint along some absolutely deserted and open highway, which has no side roads and traverses—say, Dartmoor, or the Hog's Back—harms no one, and is not "inconsiderate"; but to drive from the Land's End to John o' Groats through towns and villages at an *average* rate of 24 miles an hour is an offence which is "rank and smells to Heaven," and ought to land the perpetrators of it in gaol—if everybody had their rights.

The Vulgar Rich

As a matter of fact all this pother is brought about by quite a mere handful of wealthy vulgarians, who as far as the roads to the south of London are concerned, set such a villainous example with high powered racing cars, that others lose their heads as well as their manners in attempting to copy. If one could only be furnished with a warrant from the High Court to arrest and incarcerate indefinitely about a score of individuals whom everybody in the motoring world knows perfectly well by name, one is bound to say that one would be able to ensure perfect peace on the roads in a week.

Fast Boats

In view of the extremely high efficiency in resultant speed arrived at by the adoption of the internal combustion engine for the propulsion of motor boats, it would appear that the torpedo boat of the immediate future is likely to be so equipped. There would seem to be many advantages: no coal to carry, no fresh water needed, and all the boiler and furnace space left free for other purposes. The crew of stokers could be dispensed with, as all the attention the engines would require would be that of one or two mechanics only. There need be no noise, and no flame or smoke from funnels to betray their whereabouts, for the very good reason that no funnel would be necessary. The boat would always be ready to start at a moment's notice, and no head of steam need ever be kept up for emergencies. The difficulty would be the regular provision of the two or three hundred tons of fuel which would be required, but in the happy days when we all grow our own alcohol, this will no longer trouble us. Moreover, alcohol, though equally efficient in a suitable engine, will be far safer to handle in bulk than petrol ever can be. The greatest amount of power, weight for weight, is obtained from the explosion engine, and as lightness bears a certain ratio to speed, it is clear that it is indicated for the torpedo boat and for other craft where speed is of the first importance.

An Ingenious Aid for Motorists, at Woodbridge, Suffolk

A large mirror is so arranged that motorists can see round the corner of a very sharp turn, and thus avoid collisions

Alcohol

The lecture on alcohol as a motive power, by Dr. Ormandy, seems to have created a very general interest, and it is clear that the excessive duties payable upon it in this country have been of inestimable benefit to the foreigner. As a fuel for the explosion engine it is extremely efficacious, and in this connection let us summarise its advantages. Petrol and alcohol stand in the ratio of 2:1 as regards their heat of combustion, but from alcohol 30 per cent. is obtainable in the form of work, as against 20 per cent. from petrol, and on working this out with petrol at 1s. 3d. per gallon, alcohol should stand at not more than 1s. 2d. to be of the same value to the user. Alcohol we ought to be able to produce from our own soil at an amazingly cheap rate, but the commonest *methylated* spirit costs 2*s.* a gallon, and pure alcohol much more, owing to the excise tariff. France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Hungary can, because they make their own alcohol, resist any attempt unduly to raise the price of petroleum spirit, whereas we are completely at the mercy of any ring of gamblers who choose to make a corner in the supply, as they have recently done in the case of cotton.

C. J. Mather.

THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

By A LADY EX-CHAMPION

The New Lady Champion

The Twelfth Ladies' Open Championship Meeting has come to an end, and after a hard fight Miss Lottie Dod has gained the right to bear the title of Open Lady Champion for 1904, and has carried off the coveted cup. The meeting was a record one in respect of the number of fine players entered, as there were quite twenty of the competitors who were regarded by their adherents as possible winners, and who, with the aid of a little luck, might quite easily have come out first. The name of Miss Lottie Dod is known all over those portions of the world in which sport takes a prominent part. She has a wonderful record, and seems to excel at everything to which she turns her attention. Her successes at tennis are so well known that it is needless to repeat them here; she has been an international hockey player, and has taken part several years in the English and Irish contests, while she is also a proficient and capable skater. It is only within the last seven or eight years that she has taken up golf, but with her remarkable powers, and facility for acquiring every branch of sport, it is only what might have been expected that she has at last gained the summit of her desires, and carried off the Championship Cup.

Miss Lottie Dod
The Winner of the Ladies' Open Championship for 1904

The Interlocked Grip

Throughout the meeting she played consistently good golf; in the International matches she recorded a win for England against Scotland by defeating Miss Glover on the last green; but against Ireland was defeated by Miss May Hezlet on the seventeenth green. Her driving was excellent, and her putting particularly good, as almost every time she gave the ball a chance and putted past the hole—the only secret of good putting. Quite recently Miss Dod adopted the interlocked grip, and certainly the result seems to bear witness to the excellence of the system. During the different heats she disposed of Miss K. G. Moeller, Miss G. Robertson, Mrs. Bourne, Miss B. Thompson, Miss Whigham, Miss D. J. Campbell and Miss M. Hezlet, so she had to overcome a formidable list of opponents. In the second round Miss G. Robertson, who plays a fine game, nearly succeeded in defeating her as she stood five up at the turn, but Miss Dod, not discouraged by the adverse lead, made a splendid recovery, and finally gained the victory on the last green. With Miss Bertha Thompson and Miss Whigham she had excellent matches each time, being successful by two up and one to play. Her opponent in the semi-final, Miss Dorothy Campbell, was looked upon by many as a possible winner. She is quite a young player, and has that free, easy style which is such a pleasure to watch, and is a characteristic of all the Scotch golfers. It was the first time she had entered for a Championship meeting, so that to gain a bronze medal was no small achievement, and in the course of a year or two, when she has gained a little more experience, she will, in all probability, become the possessor of a gold one.

A Sensational Match

The surprise of the meeting in the top half of the draw was the defeat of Miss Glover by Miss Maitland. Miss Glover, after her magnificent score of eighty-one in the medal round on the Monday, was undoubtedly a strong favourite. The match with Miss Maitland was a most sensational one, as Miss Mailland at the tenth hole was four holes down, a lead which, against a player of Miss Glover's calibre is a difficult one to retrieve. Miss Glover, however, became weak on the green during the home holes, and Miss Maitland, making the most of every opportunity, managed to reduce the score until, finally, at the eighteenth hole, they were all square. At the nineteenth, to all appearances, Miss Glover seemed certain of the match, as, with two beautiful shots, she was nicely on the green while Miss Maitland lay in the sand bunker to the right. At golf nothing is certain, and the unexpected frequently happens, and Miss Maitland approached well out of the sand, her ball lying in the rough on the far edge of the green, from which she holed out, amid loud applause. Miss Glover failed to get down in the like, and so lost the match.

Some of the Players

Miss Whigham was not playing nearly such a strong game as usual. She seems, moreover, to be pursued by bad luck in Championship meetings and

never does herself justice. Miss Nevile is very similar in this respect, playing a fine game prior to the event, driving magnificently, and approaching and putting with deadly accuracy, but whether it is due to nerves or for some inexplicable reason, she always fails at the critical moment, and her putting powers seem absolutely to desert her. Certainly putting is the most important part of the game and the most indefensible. No one, from one day to another, can tell how they will putt, and although there are consistently good putters and consistently bad putters, the bad putter yet has her "flukey" days, when everything goes down, while the good putter, in the same degree, has her bad days, when the balls absolutely refuse to find the bottom of the tee. Miss Adair did not display anything like her usual form at Troon, her short game, in which she usually excels, was so uncertain, and her driving had lost something of its power. It is probably, however, only a temporary relapse from her high position, and she will no doubt gain fresh laurels at the Irish Championship Meeting at Lahinch, early in June. It was a curious coincidence that she should have been opposed to the only American representative entered for the event. Miss Higgins made a good fight, she drove beautifully and has a good style, but lost the match completely on the green, as her putting was undeniably weak. The meeting altogether was a most successful one, and Miss Pearson and the other officials are to be congratulated on the successful results of all their hard work.

Miss May Hezlet

Lady Champion in 1899 and 1902, and runner-up in this year's contest

Parliamentary Golf Handicap at Sandwich: The Premier at the Seventeenth Tee

Mr. Balfour won his match against Mr. H. C. Dawkins by seven up and five to play

OUR SIXTH FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION

No Long Drawn-out Scheme—One Hand Only.

The Bystander offers its readers three prizes every other week for the best solutions of the play of the different hands which will be set out on this page.

1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

Last week we gave away consolation prizes to twenty competitors in the Fourth Fortnightly Competition. To those whose solutions deserve Honourable Mention we will give, in the present and following competitions, a certain number of such prizes, which consist of a "Bystander Bridge Box," containing two packs of the very best pneumatic playing cards, manufactured specially for us by De la Rue and Co. An illustration of these cards, which have on the backs a replica of our well-known cover, will be found on page 751.

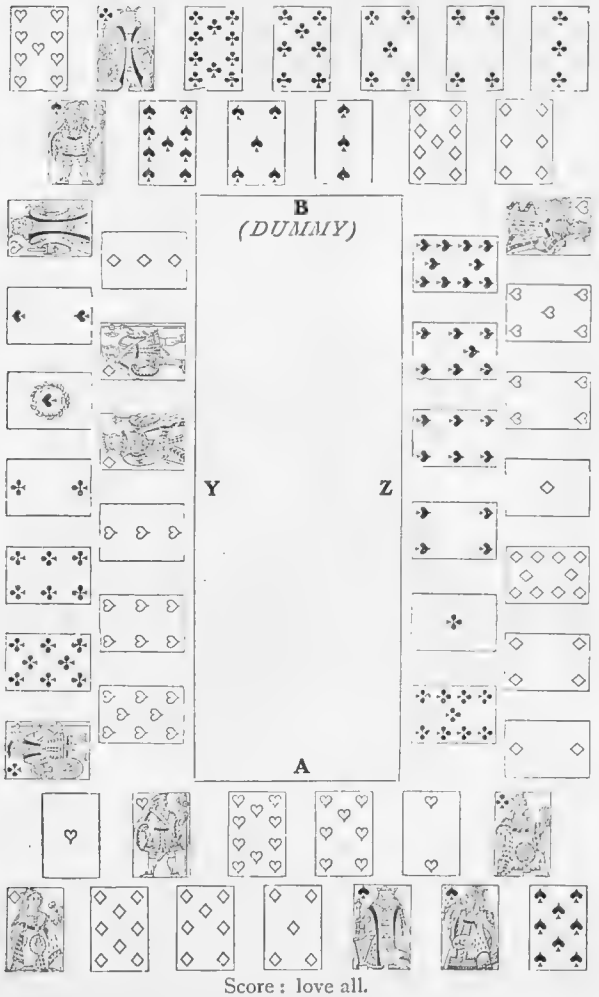
All solutions to the hand given this week must reach the office of The Bystander not later than the first post on Friday, June 3.

OUR SIXTH *FORTNIGHTLY* COMPETITION

THE HAND.

Double Dummy.

Y leads before the hands are exposed.



Score: love all.
A deals.

A reader writes to me objecting to the practice of leading out any aces, or ace, kings, you hold, before giving your partner your highest heart when he has doubled no-trumps. I believe in the practice, and I should need an extraordinary hand to depart from it. For, if your partner has doubled no-trumps at love-all, either it is a defensive declaration, and he holds six certain tricks, or it is an offensive declaration, and he holds more. By leading out your ace, or ace, king, you make certain of making them; and with no-trumps declared and doubled, you may be sure that there is a curious distribution of the cards, and your partner may very well be unable to lead you your ace or ace, king suit when he has made his tricks, and you, by your discards, have shown him what suit you want leading. But if your opponents are eighteen or more up, your partner may have doubled to the score on a five-trick hand, and then you may very well use your discretion. But your discretion will generally cause you to abide by the rule.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page viii. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played at Double Dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♡ A	♡ K	♡ 7	♡ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

"Proble

Anticipations

Cricket Gossip in the Future

(The "Daily Mail," with characteristic enterprise, has arranged for county cricketers to review the games in which they are taking part. We venture to anticipate a cricket column of the future.)

The fact that Wilfred Rhodes has been dropped from the Yorkshire team is not due, as suggested, to any falling off in his bowling. Lord Hawke has explained that he cannot, in justice to the county, play a man who deliberately splits his infinitives.

Mr. C. B. Fry is, as usual, at the head of the cricket averages, with the magnificent record of 168 columns and five magazine articles for the first month of the season. Mr. MacLaren is a poor second, with fifty-nine columns and a solitary magazine article.

An interesting match is in prospect between the Players of England and a team representing the Académie Française. The arrangements are in the capable hands of M. Anatole France and Mr. John Tunnicliffe, the well-known Pudsey savant.

Mr. C. B. Fry's fountain pen, with which he made his superb record last season, has been framed, and now decorates the Pavilion at Lord's.

The decision of "typewriter before wicket" which ended Mr. MacLaren's brilliant innings at Old Trafford last week is adversely criticised by most cricketers. Mr. MacLaren with characteristic sportsmanship, accepts the umpire's decision, though he is convinced that his Remington was at least six inches removed from the leg stump.

Mr. Bosanquet scored a faultless column at the Oval yesterday, and Mr. Warner played a bright paragraph, only disfigured by a blind swipe out of the ground, which gave a possible chance to the printers of Tudor Street.

Owing to the inadequate telegraphic accommodation at the Leyton ground, several counties have declined to renew their fixtures with Essex. In the last match with Surrey, when Essex scored four hundred for the first wicket, no less than nine Surrey players were absent from the field for an hour at a time owing to the nearest telegraph office being more than a mile away.

The M.C.C. have issued a new instruction to umpires. All umpires henceforth will take with them into the field the forty-eight volumes of Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary. The use of "Webster's Unabridged" is strictly prohibited.

Mr. G. L. Jessop has been re-elected captain of the Gloucester Eleven. There was a little doubt as to his qualification, but his delightful article, "Pavilion Cats I have Known," in the current *Strand* convinced the committee that he was the man for the post.

Literary Gossip in the Future

"Free advertisements to all subscribers" is an announcement printed on the cover of a certain literary journal. The idea strikes us as an admirable one. It is without a doubt commercially sound, and we venture to give a few examples of the "Literary Notes" of the future:

Yet another edition of Shakespeare reaches us! Surely it is time to cry "Halt." There cannot be a sufficient public for all these ventures.

By-the-by, a uniform re-issue of Mr. Hall Caine's works has for so long been a *desideratum*, that we are pleased to hear that this want of Mr. Caine's myriad admirers will shortly be supplied. (Advt.)

We wonder, by the way, whether all our readers are aware of the remarkable resemblance in physiognomy between Shakespeare and Mr. Caine, to which attention is so frequently called. Mr. Caine is, if anything, even more like than Shakespeare. The resemblance, it is true, is only an external one, for Mr. Caine writes both plays and novels, while Shakespeare only wrote plays. (Advt.)

Meanwhile, it is reported that Mr. Beerbohm Tree will shortly stage another Shakespearean drama. Is Shakespeare really popular? is a question that is often debated. Those who hold the affirmative view point to the invariable success of the representations at His Majesty's Theatre. Our personal opinion, however, is that people go, not to see the play, but to feast their eyes upon Mr. Tree. (Advt.)

We are authorised to deny the spiteful rumour that the title of Mr. Kipling's next book of verse, which will include a famous set of parodies, is to be "The Motor-car Danger." (Advt.)

So much rubbish is printed nowadays that it is a pleasure to receive "Everybody's Penny Washing Book." This is the very thing that we have all been looking out for. It has blank pages, and an art cover. (Advt.)

Startling offer! How to acquire a masterpiece! No onerous conditions!—Mr. Andrew Carnegie is willing to forward a copy of his great work, "The Gospel of Wealth," to anyone on receipt of a written undertaking to read it. (Advt.)

Mr. Stephen Phillips, by the way, is quite our best-looking poet. Who, we wonder, is our most handsome novelist? This is a somewhat invidious question, but Mr. A. E. W. Mason, we fancy, would easily head the poll in an election. (Advt.)

A little bird tells us that, in ten years' time, there will be issued a new edition of a famous "Encyclopædia." We strongly advise our readers to begin saving up at once. Only ten years, remember. (Advt.)

POLO: THE OPENING OF THE SEASON AT HURLINGHAM

South African Field Force versus Hurlingham: Major Egerton Green Leads a Rush

In this match, which followed the Cup tie, the S. A. Field Force won by four goals to three

Social Clubs' Tournament: Orleans Scores a Goal

In the opening tie of this tournament, the New Club team was beaten easily by the Orleans team, the score being thirteen goals to love

Social Clubs' Tournament: A Rush Along the Boards

Mr. J. Bellville (Orleans) is leading, and Mr. F. J. Balfour (New Club) is the second man

GOLF: OPENING OF THE NEW COURSE AT WALTON HEATH

Harry Vardon, the Open Champion, Driving from the First Tee

The links, designed by Mr. W. Herbert Fowler, of the Royal and Ancient Club, have been almost two years in course of construction. The opening attracted many prominent golfers, including Lord George Hamilton, Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Lord Cavan, Admiral Rose, Mr. Guy Pym, M.P., Mr. Eric Hambro, M.P., and many other Parliamentary golfers

James Braid, the Club Professional, Driving from the Fourth Tee

Harry Vardon mes Braid, and J. H. Taylor were engaged to play a 36-holes three-ball match. They finished in the order named. Taylor finished the match six down to Vardon and two down to Braid. Vardon defeated Braid by three holes

THE FARM: OXFORDSHIRE SHOW AT WALLINGFORD

Viscount Baring's Shorthorn Heifers, "Lady Broadhooks," Champion, and "Red Rose of Stratton," Reserve

Mr. C. R. W. Adeane's Southdown Ram, which Gained First Medal

Lord Rothschild's Jersey Heifer, "Oxford Pride," Winner of Blythwood Bow.

TOY DOGS: PRIZEWINNERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW

Griffons Bruxellois
Miss A. F. Hall's "La Perle des Griffons," First Prize in class under 5lb. in weight

Fawn Pugs
Miss Burnett's "Master Jasper," First Prize and Challenge in heavy class of toy pug

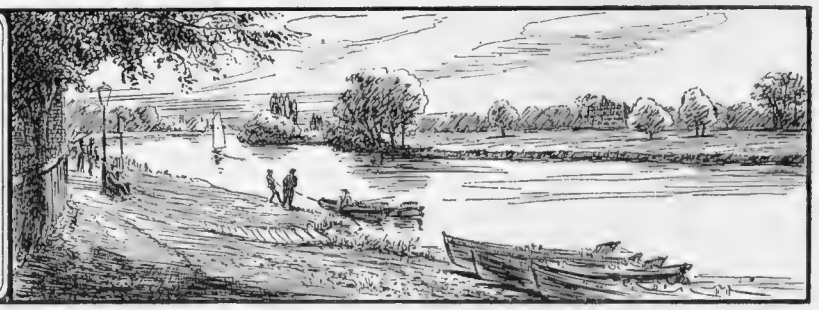
Prince Charles Spaniels
Miss Taylor's "King Leopold," First Prizewinner among tricoloured spaniels

Pomeranians
Mrs. Seaman's "Walkley Queenie," a noted prizewinner, which subsequently won the Challenge Prize for the best toy of her sex

Yorkshire Terriers
Mrs. W[illegible]lton's "Kensington Dot," an easy winner in this as in many other exhibitions

Black Pugs
Miss Daniels's "Bougi," a well-known prizewinner, which took First Prize in its class

BY LOCK AND WEIR.



The River Known to Few

How few river men there are who really know their Thames! Take any part of the river you like to mention, and it will be found that the vast majority who spend the summer there seldom travel more than a few miles up or down stream, and the other reaches of the Thames are as a closed book. A few years ago, when camping was a good deal more popular than it is to-day, the journey from Oxford to London was a thing of common occurrence, and, to those who can enjoy roughing it, a more enjoyable week's holiday could scarcely be recommended. For such an expedition, a double sculling skiff, or a randan, with a crew of three or four, will be found most convenient, and further equipped with a gipsy tent, one is independent of hotels.

River People Too Smart

It is frequently contended by old hands that the difficulty of finding suitable camping grounds is largely responsible for the decreasing popularity of this journey, but with a little care in arranging the day's work this can easily be overcome, and, if the worst comes to the worst, a lock island will nearly always provide enough room for pitching a tent. Another solution is to be found in having a covered boat, but, on the score of comfort, this is not to be recommended. A more vital objection is to be found in the increasing smartness of river people, and the consequent disinclination to pull a heavy boat lumbered fore and aft with tent and ground sheet, blankets and stove, pots and pans, and all the paraphernalia required for a week's camping. Clothes also form a serious difficulty, if white duck trousers, faultless shirts, and immaculate buckskin boots are considered a necessity. Determined to set an example in the matter of personal appearance, a party of my acquaintance started on one occasion from Oxford with vast reserves of clean linen; this was packed in a hamper, and carelessly placed in the bows on top of heavier luggage. The ancient seat of learning had hardly disappeared when an overhanging branch swept the hamper into the water, and, though rescued with a boathook before it sank, every rag was drenched with the exception of a bathing costume.

Petrol-Driven Launches

So considerable is the number of new launches that have been seen out already this season, it might be argued, with some appearance of gravity, that punts and skiffs would shortly be found in museums. There is no doubt that the petrol motor has placed a launch within the reach of hundreds who could not keep either a steam or electric-driven boat. The mechanism is so simple that it can easily be managed without the assistance of a mechanic, the dirt of coal and smoke is no longer an objection, and, best of all, it is ready for use at a moment's notice.

At the present time, with a good head of water in the river, a small launch might get up as far as Lechlade, thirty-three miles above Oxford. These upper reaches of the Thames are the least known, though they are in some respects the most beautiful on the river, and deserve a good deal more attention than they get. Above Lechlade it is not wise to go in anything larger than a Canadian canoe, as, apart from other obstacles, the weeds are so thick that sculling is practically impossible. Thames hotels have gained an unenviable reputation for overcharging, but, excepting in a few notorious cases, this is hardly deserved the upper

Photo by] **David Garrick's Villa at Hampton** [*Callcott*

The residence of Mr. Clifton Robinson, the well-known engineer and Managing Director of the London United Tramways Company

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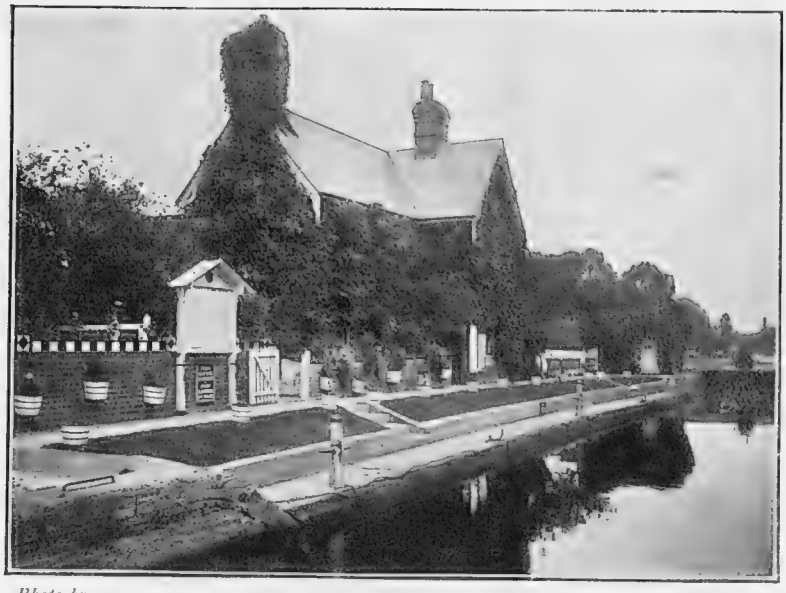

Photo by *Callcott*

Early Morning at Sunbury Lock

During the day the Sunbury lock-keeper is kept pretty busy by the hundreds of craft travelling between Molesey and Walton

accommodation is good as far as it goes, and the charges moderate enough, and on coming to the more fashionable reaches, the man of moderate means can always protect himself by avoiding the more populous towns.

Opening of the River Season

Whitsuntide generally marks the opening of the season, so far as houseboat owners are concerned, but last season was so disappointing as regards weather that preparations this year were somewhat behindhand. Several boats that were not in commission last year are, however, now in the decorators' hands, and there is every reason to believe that in a week or two more boats will be on the river than were to be seen at any time last year. At Tagg's Island, above Molesey Lock, the majority of houseboats are already on their stations. As usual, Mr. Marr's *Water Lily* and Mr. Shortland's *Kittiwake* occupy prominent positions in the main stream, and on the backwater are to be seen the *Carlton*, the *Frog*, the *Albatross*, the *Gipsy*, and several others. The proximity of Hampton Court and Hurst Park may detract, to some extent, from the attractions of Molesey, but some compensation is to be found in the fact of having accessible the resources of civilisation, including, in the case of Tagg's Island, an excellent hotel and a telephone call office. It was here that Dr. J. M. Barrie once had a houseboat, but his amusing sketch in "My Lady Nicotine" must be the result of other experiences.

The river between Molesey and Sunbury has, to some extent, been spoilt in recent years by the operations of the water companies, and one cannot understand why the Conservancy permitted a mountain of ballast to be erected on the island above Hampton village. Another, and even worse, disaster was averted when Mr. Clifton Robinson, of tramway fame, decided to occupy Garrick's Villa himself, and thus prevented the famous lawn, from which so many regattas have been witnessed, passing into the hands of the builder.

R. B. B.

Photo by

Maidenhead, as Seen from Boulter's Lock

The famous lock is putting on its busiest appearance, and prospects generally point to a season which will make up [illegible] experienced on the river last year

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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I am still trying to solve the mystery why Ambrosine and I were suddenly seized by a desire to spend three or four days in Paris, in the very height of the season here, with a hundred and one things to do, and numerous social engagements to fulfil. But so it was, and we have just returned, our modistic souls steeped in summer seductions, and with two ideas firmly hammered into our heads.

Of these, the first is a hat, more or less of the picture variety, with a wide, straight brim, and a crown that varies in depth a little, but is always appreciable, ornamented with one or two giant roses placed just in front, and either a close wreath of leaves round the crown, or a light trail of foliage either side.

Or sometimes fold upon fold of tulle, concluding in a bird of Paradise, is a decoration that is substituted for the flowers, one most frequently carried out in shades of *café au lait* brown, the tulle folds surmounted by a narrow line of velvet in the new colour, "*coque de roche*," an effective note of contrast that is repeated in the Paradise plume.

The Latest Nuance

Coque de roche, we feel we should explain, is something between a very pale orange and a peach, or, perhaps, the interior of a forced melon is more descriptive, and it simply screams, as the saying has it, for these soft brown tones.

To return, however, to that hat, the beauty whereof we feel somehow we are incapable of depicting with the full justice it deserves, more, perhaps, by reason of the surpassing *chic* with which it is worn by the smart Parisian, at just the suspicion of an angle above a coiffure of irreproachable elegance, the daring simplicity of outline and decoration achieving a completely irresistible triumph. But we may talk, and describe and discuss French fashions till the end of time, and all to no purpose, if we do not at the same time recognise the inherent style expressed by the erect carriage of a Frenchwoman. No matter what she wears—and she is far more a law unto herself than many of us on this side the Channel suspect—she impresses every garment she affects with her splendid individuality. And it is for this reason, more than any other, that the genuine French vogue invariably tends to simplicity, which is a fact it seems well-nigh impossible for the average Englishwoman to realise. And talking of simplicity brings us back to our second impression

An Eolienne Silk Dust Coat
Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street

The Close-fitting Tailor-made Coat

Now this is a mode about which there is not the slightest shadow of doubt. Almost, indeed, may it be said to be ubiquitous in Paris, a veritable uniform for morning and shopping wear. The basque invariably measures a short three-quarter length—and the sleeves are absolutely tight-fitting, the familiar coat sleeve of yore in fact, but—and here comes the crux of the whole matter—the single breasted fronts just in the centre fall straight, escaping the bend of the figure by the merest shade.

To those incapable of feeling the subtlety of this cut, it is hopeless to explain that only the most cultured sartorialism is able to compass it.

Ambrosine and I are both endeavouring to ward off the vision of this same coat, and it will most prob[illegible] express[illegible] such [illegible] h[illegible]

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 25.—Vol. II. Wednesday, May 25, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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GROSVENOR SQUARE.—To be SOLD, with the advantage of immediate possession, a magnificent MANSION, excellently situate in this fashionable position; particularly adapted for entertaining. There are over 20 bed and dressing rooms, 7 reception rooms, and stabling for 6. Lease, 39 years. For full details, apply GILLOWS. (39,067)

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PORTMAN SQUARE.—£7,000 will secure an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE within a few steps of the Square, containing: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 4 reception rooms and stabling. (40,091)

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LEICESTERSHIRE (Market Harborough).—To be LET, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in one of the favourite hunting centres. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing-rooms, bathroom, and usual offices. Excellent stabling for 9 horses, pretty pleasure and flower gardens, walled kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, in all about 4 acres. Rent, £100 per annum. Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,663)

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THIS CHARMING HOUSE-BOAT, one of the finest on the river, to be LET for the Summer or Henley Week. It is beautifully fitted, and the deck will hold 100 people; commodious saloon, 5 bedrooms, 3 servants' bedrooms, and excellent offices. Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUSSEX (Burgess Hill), within few minutes of the station.—To be LET, Furnished, a Charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing 500 feet above the sea level, and containing: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms bathroom, and usual offices; with pretty shady grounds of about 1 acre; large kitchen garden, flower garden, etc. Rent, 150 guineas per annum, or 5 guineas per week for short let (F 1,778)

DEVON (near Exeter).—To be LET, Furnished, from the beginning of August, for about two months a Beautifully Situated RESIDENCE, commanding extensive views over Exeter and Exmouth, and containing: 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling and pretty grounds of 1½ acre. Rent 5 guineas per week.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, as above. (F 1,862)

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HARRODS, LTD., are the appointed agents for all the principal RESIDENCES on Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected list will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

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SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Well-furnished and arranged TOWN HOUSE to be LET, containing: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices. Rent, for a six months' tenancy, 5 guineas per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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CHELSEA.—One of the prettiest HOUSES in this locality to be SOLD, containing: 7 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, bathroom, and very good domestic offices, including housekeeper's room. Long lease of 59 years unexpired, at a ground rent of £12 per annum. Price £2,500. Pretty garden in rear, and the house is fitted with every modern convenience.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HARRODS, LTD., are the SOLE AGENTS for many of the principal blocks of Flats in Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £100 to £700 per annum, and also Furnished from 3 to 30 guineas per week.

HANTS (Winchfield).—To be LET, Furnished, a Charmingly situated COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty grounds, which are well timbered and shrubbed, with land, in all about 25 acres. It contains: 3 reception, boudoir, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling.—Rent and further particulars of the Agents, as above. (F 1,739)

OXON (Henley-on-Thames).—HARRODS (Ltd.) have been favoured with instructions to LET this perfect River-side MANSION, known as Phyllis Court, on lease. Its position on the river is unequalled, while the beauties of its perfectly wooded grounds cannot be over described. Pretty lawns (with 300 yards river frontage, unaffected by floods), park-like meadow lands, kitchen and flower gardens and grounds are included in its 16 acres. Accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 5 reception, 16 bed and dressing rooms (another 9 or 10 can easily be added). Stabling, lodge, cottages. Rent and further details may be obtained of the agents, who have personally inspected and confidently recommend this beautiful residence.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,762)

BERKS (Maidenhead).—To be LET, Furnished, a delightfully situated RESIDENCE, within a minute's walk of the river, and standing in its own pretty grounds. It contains: 2 reception, billiard-room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling, etc. Rent for Summer 12 guineas per week; £250 for the year. (F 1,419)

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Made from fine quality real **Ostrich Feather**, in WHITE and GREY, also Natural and Black

		PRICES.
2½ yards long, 3 strands	.. ..	18/9
2½ ,, ,, 4 ,,	White & Grey	25/6
2½ ,, ,, 4 ,,	extra full ..	29/6
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2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,,	very long feather	49/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,,	in White only	69/6

CLIPPED OSTRICH STOLES.

In **Rich Pastel Shades.** Upwards of 20 Colourings, made from selected full feather. An ideal wrap.

2½ yards long, 4 strands	as sketch,	49/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,,	extra long ..	69/6

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Selected Feather, in White, Grey, Natural and Black.

2½ yards long, 4 strands	.. ..	21/-
2½ ,, ,, 5 ,,	.. ..	35/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,,	extra quality	49/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,,	,, ,,	63/-
2¾ ,, ,, 4 or 5 ,,	,, ,,	84/-
2¾ ,, ,, 4 or 5 ,,	,, ,,	105/-
2¼ ,, ,, 4 or 5 ,,	,, ,,	from 5 to 14 Gns.

REAL OSTRICH STOLES.

Russian Sable Colour, extra quality

2½ yards long, 4 strands	.. ..	69/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,,	.. ..	79/6
In Smart Cape Shape	.. ..	69/6

OMBRE OSTRICH STOLES.

Extra rich quality **Feather**, very full and long, in all light colours, Shading to White, including Cinnamon.

2½ yards long, 4 strands	.. ..	7 Gns.
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,,	extra rich ..	9½ Gns.

WHITE FEATHER STOLES,

2½ yards long, 5 rows, for day or evening wear .. 21/-

2½ yards long, 5 rows, for day or evening wear .. 29/6

2¾ yards long, 5 rows, extra quality feather .. 39/6

In Cape Shape, extra quality feather 63/-

Sample Stoles sent on Approval.

Clipped Ostrich Stoles (as sketch), in 20 colours, 49/6

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semblance of style, the whole *chic* lost, for lack of inspired feeling, and a too serious endeavour to be correct. And we are also persuaded that the query is awaiting us, as to what materials the Parisians are using for these severe *tailleur* suits. *Souple* cloths, of course, together with a few light summer tweeds, and a good deal of pale grey and biscuit beige, some touch of colour occurring on the small round collar, which alternates in favour, for the completion of the neck, with an ordinary step collar and revers.

Five o'clock at Ritz

Having tea on the terrace at Ritz one day, we remarked a fascinating pale grey beige, built *en tailleur*, the coat collar faced with a delicate orchidée mauve velvet, a soupçon that was repeated in the tiniest bow tie to the plain linen collar, and in some roses employed as a *cache peigne* to a piquant little Tricorne of dead white chip, one of these mauve roses adorning the left lapel of the coat. But the latter was just one of those freakish little fancies, almost amounting to childishness, that can never appeal to the Englishwoman as quite in the best taste It is all on a par with the fanciful clipping of their poodles, and the decking out of their toy Yorkshire terriers, with mouchoirs and visiting cards, and actually we noticed a horse clipped in squares like a chess board! But the whole joyous atmosphere of Paris tends to a little light-headedness, which must, forsooth, find an outlet.

In the matter of real flowers, the orchid still reigns supreme, great giant blooms, each one representing a small fortune, being worn directly in front of the figure. An *élégante* dining at the Palais Elysée, carried a long spray of these orchids arranged from the shoulder to the waist, a garniture on which rested the sole relief to a gown entirely of white lace, surmounted by a huge black hat, the brim standing up erect from the face, with one white ostrich plume flung right across it from side to side.

Ostrich feathers, however, generally speaking, are rather conspicuous by their absence, these having conceded their place for the time being to the more seasonable roses, preferably, for the moment of giant bloom variety, in every imaginable natural and unnatural colour.

The blue rose is accounted a decorative detail of the best *ton*, both this, and one in a delicate *vert* shade, fighting in gentle rivalry for first place on a brown, straight-brim, picture hat. Some of the best worn restaurant *chapeaux*, representing a style which several of our leaders of fashion over here propose to inaugurate at Ascot, are either quite small shapes, or made to appear so by the catching up of the brim to the crown, the back, and perhaps just a little at the left side, resting on a perfect bed of roses, which naturally gives the approved smart side tilt, a narrow band of velvet ending in a tight little bow at one side being considered all sufficient decoration for the outside.

The Vogue of Checked Voile

With the advent of really warm weather, the delights of taffetas are likely to give way before a finely checked voile, a fabric that fashions up into the most desirable little gowns, which are as cool to wear as they appear, a combination more rare than one realises. A pale grey voile, checked over with a pin line of black and white, is a possession to be seriously considered, worn with a high belt of shaded geranium pink ribbon, ending in a narrow black border at the top. Or an entire confection of this geranium pink would be accounted quite *de rigueur* for Ascot, the harmony left undisturbed throughout. Deep reflections, befitting the momentous occasion, have encouraged us to give forth the opinion that, failing a white toilette for Ascot, we should be disposed to rest all our hopes of a modistic triumph on a pale *bluet* blue, or one of these geranium pinks. But maybe we shall have more definite details to report on Ascot dress next week. Meanwhile, we can with every confidence advise all in need of a race wrap to go to Peter Robinson's in Oxford Street.

We had a long chat with the ruling head of the mantle department there the other day, and were let into certain privileged trade secrets, that we would not divulge for the world, the practical outcome whereof is an exceptional moderation of price, the same modest sums being now asked for *recherché* lace-trimmed silk Eolienne wraps as were formerly cheerfully paid for some ugly, inartistic, common alpaca thing.

Truly, demand has created a supply, the dress ephemeralities of the hour imperatively claiming the covering of an all-enveloping wrap; but Messrs. Peter Robinson's have met the need with a peculiar intelligence and energy, and are, consequently, in a position to supply offhand any manner of type and style of dust wrap; moreover, at a long range of prices. The model, selected haphazard out of a plethora of choice for our artist to sketch, was of pale green silk spot Eolienne—as light as the proverbial feather—a handsome collar of fine white guipure lace falling about the shoulders, held down by deft scroll ruchings or bouillonnées of the Eolienne, full lace ruffles finishing the great sleeves with exquisite daintiness.

Especially for river wear, and the very epitome of smartness, are some three-quarter linen coats, mounted with great freedom on to a long, round-shouldered yoke, that is piped with various representative colours—or with white, if the coat itself chances to be pale blue, green, rose, or red—and, furthermore, caught down with gilt buttons. At three guineas, these are bargains; or, cheaper still, for 45*s.* 6*d.*, there is a useful flaked linen, and also a holland crash, quite excellent in every way.

Light weight sacque coats in cloth abound in a variety of desirable shapes, one in particular that recalls itself pleasantly carrying a deep pointed pelerine cape, and finding graceful expression in all the pastel shades, together with white and black, a species of dull gold galon lace being employed in every case as the ornamental medium, while a lining of white satin is carried throughout.

But all and every sort of praise is due to this Oxford Street firm, for their prompt moving in the summer *manteau* matter, than which Paris itself no better to show, a truth we can vouch sincerity.

PETER ROBINSON'S

OXFORD ST.

CHARMING AND SEASONABLE FASHIONS.

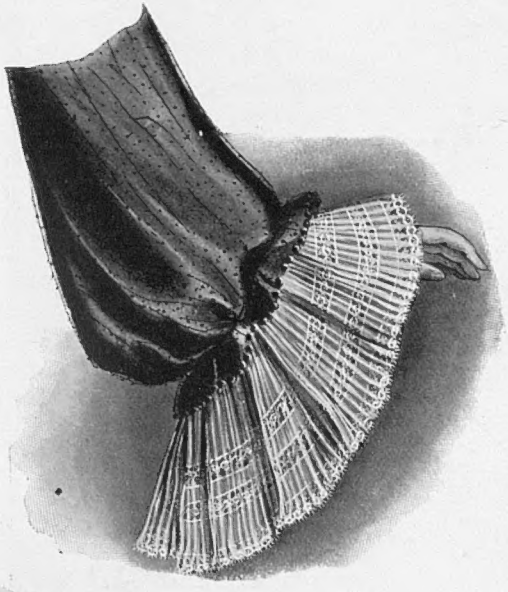
"Gladys."
Elegant Lawn Slip in Pink, Sky, or Beige, trimmed Ecru or White Imitation Cluny Lace, with colored Medallions to match Lawn, and hemstitching, or plain colors trimmed White Insertion, **29/6**

"Cecile."
Very smart Slip in Mercerised Lawn Pink, Sky, Cherry, Heliotrope, and White with Broderie Anglaise to match
29/6

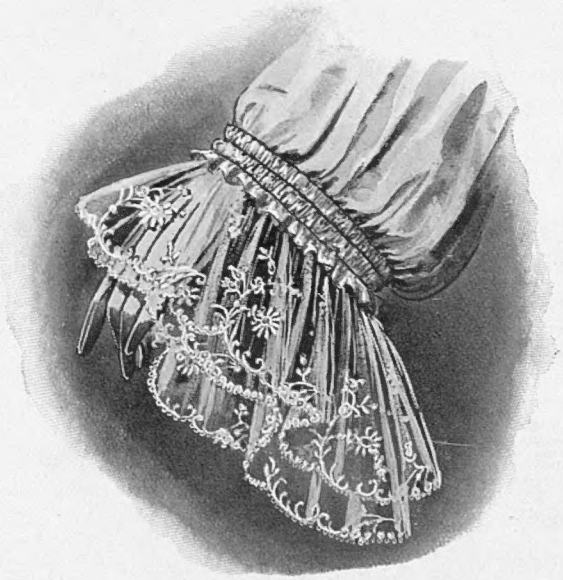
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ALL DEPARTMENTS GRATIS.

No. 4.—Smart Lace Front for wearing under the new Coats, trimmed the new "Mimosa" Lace and Insertion, threaded Bébé Ribbon. In all shades, **18/9** and **21/-**

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO LETTER ORDERS.



...e Lawn Frills for Coat-sleeves, with Insertions and Beige, also in plain hemstitched Lawn, **2/6** to **12/9.**
... 10¾d.



No. 5.—The New Sleeve Frills in Tambour and all the newest Laces. The fashionable finish for Coat Sleeves, **5/11** to **15/9**

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Forthcoming Original Play

On Monday, June 13, will be produced, at the Kennington Theatre, for the first time within the radius, an original play by Laurence Irving, entitled *Richard Lovelace*. It was first produced by E. H. Sothern at the Garden Theatre, New York, Cecilia Loftus then playing the heroine. Sir Henry Irving was present at a professional *matinée* given by Mr. Sothern, and made several suggestions, notably the substitution of a happy for an unhappy ending, of which the author was not slow to avail himself. In the present form, the play was first tried with Mr. Gerald Lawrence in the title part, on a five weeks' tour of Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, etc., during last summer, and was everywhere most favourably received. At Kennington, Mr. Laurence Irving will himself undertake the title *rôle*. The important part of Colonel Hawley will be played by Mr. James Hearn, formerly of O.U.D.S. renown, recently associated with so many Lyceum and Drury Lane productions; while the chief female interest will be in the hands of Miss Mabel Hackney, now playing Portia and Fair Rosamund with Sir Henry Irving.

Prizewinners, Please Note

A slight difficulty has arisen over two of our competitors, whose solutions to the Fourth Fortnightly Competition won them the Consolation Prize of the "Bystander Bridge Box," containing two packs of playing cards. These two competitors, Messrs. Guy Weir Hogg and C. S. Gully, reside abroad, and the Custom House regulations are so stringent respecting the despatch of playing cards that we should be glad to hear further from these two competitors. Would they prefer their Consolation Prizes to be sent to an address in England? Please address replies to The Editor.

Our Coloured Supplement

This week, for a coloured supplement, we present to our readers the fourth of the series of reproductions from valuable old sporting prints. The subject of this week's picture is "Heron Shooting," and, like its companion subjects, it gives a vivid representation of men following sport in the days when they played cricket in a garb which was crowned by a top hat.

A Book for Connoisseurs

Messrs. Bell and Sons write: "With reference to your kind notice of Dr. Williamson's 'History of Portrait Miniatures' in a previous issue, will you allow us to point out that the *édition de luxe* will not be distinguished from the ordinary edition merely by the new portrait of the Queen to which you kindly refer, but will contain also some thirty-four hand-coloured facsimiles of fine miniatures painted by modern miniature painters for the work?" Our note on the subject stated that the *édition de luxe* would be distinguished from the ordinary edition "mainly" by the new portrait of the Queen, which had been specially painted for the work—not "merely": which makes a difference. However, we are pleased to add the interesting particulars mentioned above.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Unawares!" A Sketch. By Clifford Moray. (Alex. Gardner, Paisley.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

"'Liza of Lambeth." By W. Somerset Maugham. (Fisher Unwin.) 6*d.*

"A Man Adrift." By Bart Kennedy. (Greening and Co.) 6*d.*

"A Man of the Moors." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Newnes.) 6*d.*

Guide to the Isle of Wight. Maps and Plans, etc. (A. and C. Black). 1*s.*

MR. AITCHISON'S "Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 7: "WEAK SIGHT, or Hypermetropia."

This is one of the most troublesome defects with which mankind is afflicted, and the one requiring most care and attention. The sufferer cannot, where the defect is severe, see properly either near or distant objects without a great strain upon the eyes. Objects grow misty and appear to jump about after the eyes have been fixed on them for a few minutes. The eyes ache when doing needlework or reading, also a severe headache follows any such excitement as a visit to the theatre, concert, or lecture, because the eyes have been concentrated upon certain persons or objects for a considerable time. In children it shows more particularly with headaches when doing home lessons at night. This defect can be entirely overcome by the proper treatment with spectacles, and the health of the wearer be materially benefited. There are many diseases and nerve troubles which are caused simply and solely by defective eyesight, though the defect may seem slight.

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A PAMPHLET.
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SEE PAGE 782, AND THEN CUT OUT THIS COUPON

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